

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

MARY WRIGHT-DAVIS



WRIGHT-DAVIS

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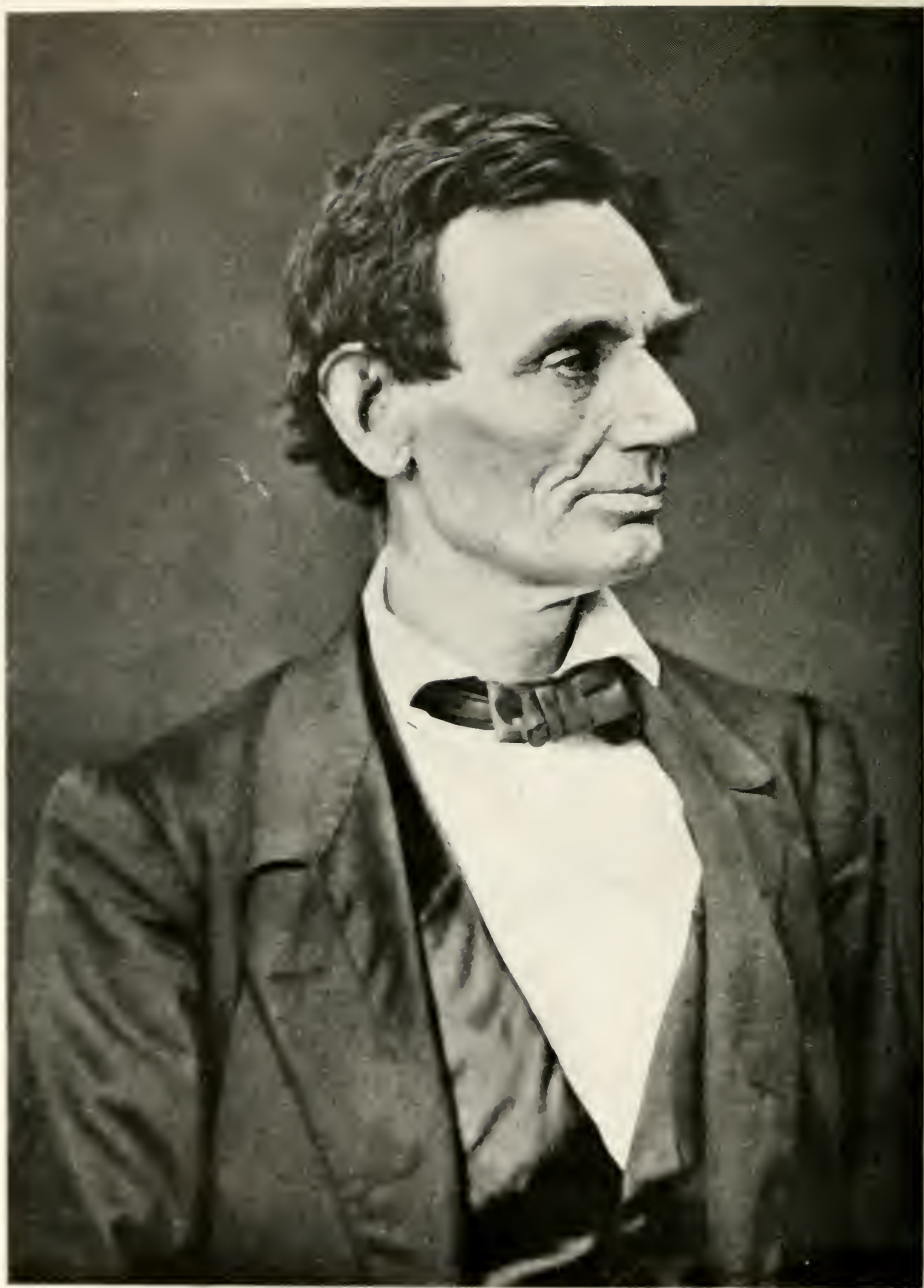
LINCOLN NATIONAL
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THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

“ . . . It is the eternal struggle between these two principles—right and wrong—throughout the world. They are the two principles that have stood face to face from the beginning of time, and will ever continue to struggle. The one is the common right of humanity, and the other the divine right of kings. . . .”



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ABRAHAM LINCOLN, WHEN NOMINATED FOR PRESIDENT,
MAY, 1860

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

COMPILED BY
MARY WRIGHT-DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED



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TO THE MEMORY OF MY FATHER
WILLIAM MAITLAND WRIGHT
14TH MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS
1842 (1861-65) 1906

*“When they are dead, we heap the laurels high
Above them, where indifferent they lie—”*

FOREWORD

LEADERS OF MEN

*When they are dead, we heap the laurels high
Above them, where indifferent they lie;*

*We join their deeds to unaccustomed praise
And crown with garlands of immortal bays
Whom, living, we but thought to crucify.*

*As mountains seem less glorious, viewed too nigh,
So often do the great whom we decry*

*Gigantic loom to our astonished gaze,
When they are dead.*

*For, shamed by largeness, littlenesses die;
And, partisan and narrow hates put by,*

*We shrine our heroes for the future days,
And to atone our ignorant delays
With fond and emulous devotion try,
When they are dead!*

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

PREFACE

THE unceasing fascination which the story of Lincoln holds for writers finds satisfying explanation in the following epitome—itself a poem—by Brand Whitlock, from his biography of Abraham Lincoln:

“The story of Lincoln, perfect in its unities, appealing to the imagination like some old tragedy, has been told over and over, and will be told over and over again. The log cabin where he was born, the axe he swung in the backwoods, the long sweep to which he bent on the flat-boat in the river, the pine knot at midnight,—these are the rough symbols of the forces by which he made his own slow way. Surveyor and legislator, country lawyer riding the circuit, politician on the stump and in Congress, the unwearied rival of Douglas, finally, as the lucky choice of a new party, the President,—the story is wholly typical of these States in that earlier epoch when the like was possible to any boy. But the story does not end here. He is in the White House at last, but in the hour when realised ambitions turn to ashes; the nation is divided, a crisis confronts the land, and menaces the old cause of liberty. We see him become the wise leader of that old cause, the sad, gentle captain of a mighty war, the liberator of a whole race, and not only the saviour of a republic, but the

PREFACE

creator of a nation ; and then, in the very hour of triumph, —the tragedy for which destiny plainly marked him. Rightly told, the story is the epic of America.”

It seems fitting, in this memorial volume, to include a few of Abraham Lincoln’s own utterances which express his noble personality as other words, however felicitous, can hardly hope to do.

The Chronology will refresh the memory as to the sequence of events in this most eventful life.

The greater number of the poems are here collected for the first time. The others are found, very properly, in every Lincoln anthology.

For kindnesses received from publishers, authors, and others, in the making of this book, the compiler is sincerely grateful.

MARY WRIGHT-DAVIS.

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The sources of the illustrations, not elsewhere given, are as follows:

The French, the Saint-Gaudens, and the Weinman statues, from the studio of Mr. deW. C. Ward, New York. The Hodgenville Lincoln Memorial Building, the Lincoln Cabin, and the Lincoln Spring, from the Lincoln Memorial Association, through the courtesy of Mr. F. D. Casey, Art Editor of *Collier's*. The Borglum statue (alone), the Emancipation Group, the First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation, the Potomac Lincoln Memorial Building, and the House Where Lincoln Died, from the studio of Messrs. Leet Brothers, Washington. The Borglum Head of Lincoln, through the courtesy of Mr. Charles E. Fairman, Washington. The Barnard statue, from Mr. J. S. Banford, Cincinnati. The O'Connor statue, through the courtesy of the sculptor, Mr. Andrew O'Connor, Paxton, Mass. The Brenner medal, from the studio of Mr. A. B. Bogart, New York. The others are from the famous "Brady Collection" now owned by Mr. L. C. Handy, Washington.

THE LINCOLN GENEALOGY AND
FAMILY TREE

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

THE LINCOLN GENEALOGY AND THE FAMILY TREE

IT has been the general belief, a belief which was shared even by the illustrious President himself, that Abraham Lincoln's remote ancestry, as well as his immediate parentage, was of the humblest; that the Lincoln Family were so low born as to make it a futile task to endeavour to penetrate the obscurity from which they sprung, and that the commanding figure of Abraham Lincoln was a mere fortuitous circumstance, a "sport" of nature, rather than the result of centuries of inbred and inherited qualities derived from worthy forefathers.

In view of the indisputable facts of the poverty of his parents and his own consequent early struggle against every disadvantage, this was not an unnatural conclusion to be reached by many of the ephemeral and superficial writers who first dealt with his biography. Their hasty summaries were buttressed and built upon by the perfervid imaginations of penny-a-liners, whose sole object seems to have been to magnify the greatness of the *man* by decrying his origin, until their fables were impressed as

facts upon the minds of the majority of even the more intelligent people of the country.

With the natural tendency of popular biographers, writing to please the proletariat, all stress has been laid on the poverty and ignorance of Lincoln's parents; and out of this has grown the vulgar and scandalous conception that Thomas Lincoln could not have been the father of so great a son; and this was carried so far, bitter political enemies having joined forces with his illogical partisans,¹ as to have denied even to the gentle and lovable mother who bore him, and of whom he always spoke with such deep reverence and affection,² the very right to the name by which she was known.³

In spite of this general acceptance of pauper progenitors, there were, even during the President's lifetime, some suspicions of the truth; and a derivation from the sturdy stock of the Lincolns of Hingham, Mass., was suggested

¹ "I condemn the man [Herndon] for what he has said about her" (Letter of J. F. Speed to Mrs. C. H. Hitchcock, 8 February, 1895.) "If Lincoln ever told such a story to Herndon—which may be confidently disbelieved—he was mistaken, and must have been misled by some evil whisper unhappily brought to his ears." ("The Mother of Lincoln," by H. M. Jenkins, *Penn. Hist. Mag.*, vol. xxiv, p. 130.)

² Holland's *Life of Lincoln*, p. 23.

³ This myth, at first not admitted to print, existed orally and seems to have crawled into the light of day in the maliciously mendacious statement of Herndon that Lincoln himself had so informed him (*Life of Lincoln*, vol. i, p. 3); the fabrication of an embittered office-seeker whose ambition outran his ability, and whose falsehood has now been made plain by recently discovered proofs which have swept away all possible doubts.

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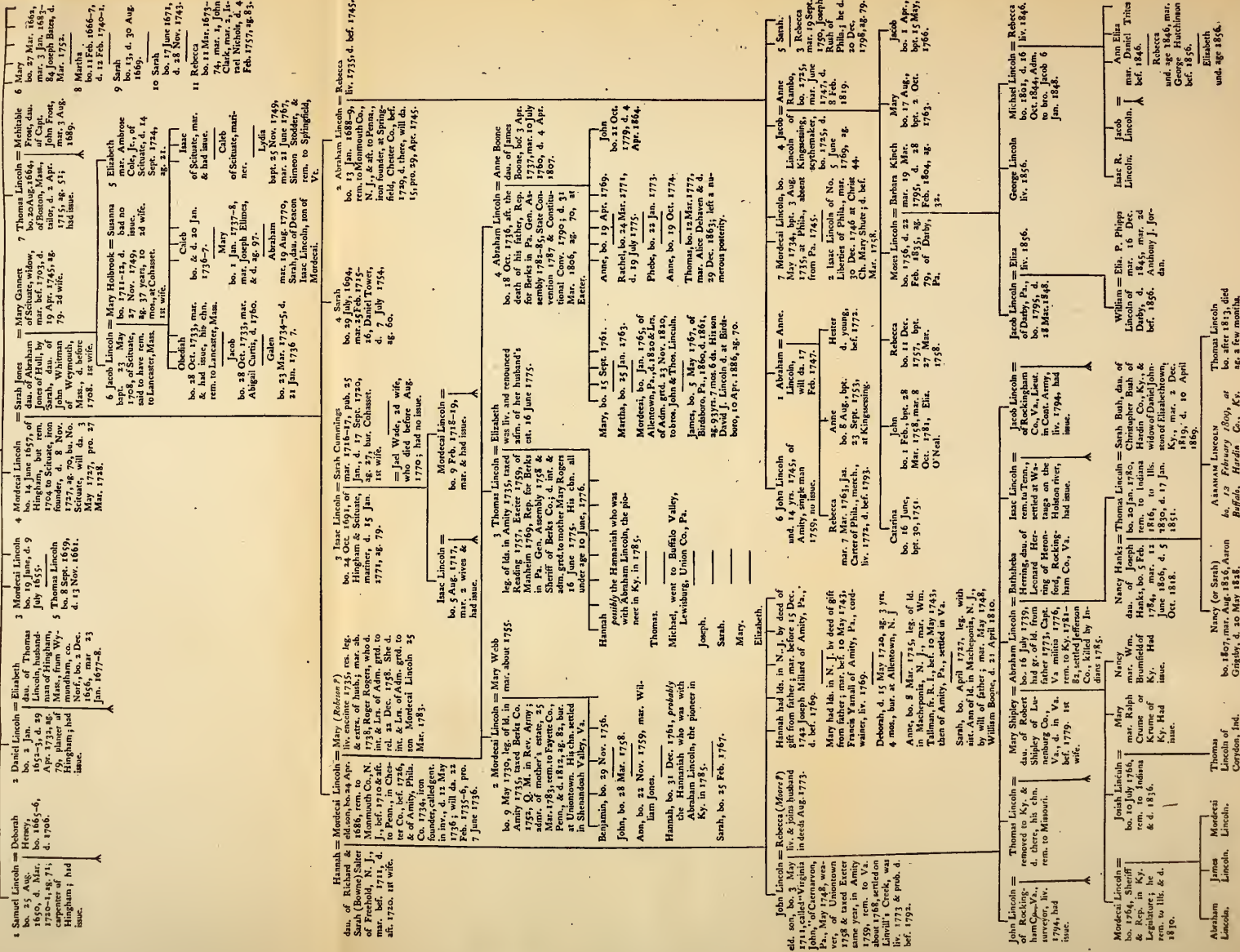
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GENEALOGICAL CHART OF THE LINCOLN FAMILY

Samuel Lincoln — Martha
son of Edward Lincoln, gent.,
of Hingham, co. Norf., bapt.
there 24 Aug. 1622, apt. to
Francis Lawes of Norwich,
weaver and mariner, came to
America 1627, at Salem, aft
Hingham, Mass., d. 26 May
1690, aged 78.



and its possibility recognised with pleasure by Lincoln himself.¹

As a matter of fact, the exact reverse of this lowly origin of the Lincoln Family was the case, and this will reach its final and convincing proof in the following pages, in which will be demonstrated that for four centuries the ancestors of Abraham Lincoln were easily the peers of their associates in England as well as in America; as prosperous yeomen or minor gentry in the Old World, and, from the time of their arrival in the Colony, foremost in the ranks of those who developed the wilderness into the fair land we love to-day, and of which their descendant was destined to be the saviour.

Of the eleven generations of clearly proven ancestry, *one generation only*, the President's unfortunate father, has been unable to maintain the claim of *primus inter pares*, and this through no fault of his own, but by a chain of calamities even more tragic and fatal to him than those which deprived Edward Lincoln, the father of Samuel Lincoln, the English emigrant, of his birthright.²

Many attempts have been made to clear away the mystery surrounding the genealogy of the family, beginning in 1848, when Hon. Solomon Lincoln, the well-known historian of Hingham, Mass., in correspondence with Abraham Lincoln, then a member of Congress, elicited from him his scanty knowledge of his forefathers. This ma-

¹ *N. E. Hist. Gen. Reg.*, July, 1894, vol. xlviii, p. 328.

² See English Ancestry, *infra*.

terial was not printed until after the President's death¹ and was followed, a year later, by the best of the early histories of Lincoln,² in which was set forth for the first time an outline of what has since proved to be substantially the correct pedigree of the American lineage.

Gradually other contributions to the truth filtered to light, notably those of Mr. J. W. Potts of Camden, N. J.,³ and of Mr. Samuel Shackford of Chicago,⁴ the latter being a masterly résumé of the facts proving the direct descent of the President's family from the parent stock at Hingham, Mass.

The American Pedigree had now been placed upon a sound basis and accepted by all intelligent writers, although certain details of no small importance to the truth of history still remained hidden and will be first made public here, adding important names and lineages to the pedigree, and, in some cases, disproving statements, honestly put forward as facts, but which will not bear the lime-light of criticism, and whose elimination but leaves the proven pedigree stronger by so much in the test which has been applied to it.

The English Ancestry had remained until recently an unsolved, and apparently insoluble, problem, and one with which the American author had battled for a score of

¹ *N. E. Hist. Gen. Reg.*, October, 1865, vol. xix, p. 360.

² *Life of Abraham Lincoln*, by J. G. Holland, 1866.

³ *N. Y. Gen. and Biog. Record*, April, 1872, vol. iii, p. 69.

⁴ *N. E. Hist. Gen. Reg.*, April, 1887, vol. xli, p. 153. A portion of this article had already appeared in the *Chicago Tribune*.

years, the last three of which were in conjunction with his English colleague, to whose keen eye it was given at last to detect the one document which could ever have given the key to the hidden mystery. This happy discovery brought order out of the chaos of documents, abstracts, and references so painfully accumulated, which now fell together like the pattern in a kaleidoscope or the blocks of a Chinese puzzle.

The long quest, ended at last, and crowned by a reward far exceeding the most sanguine anticipations, now enables us to give to history, in one of the clearest and most perfectly proven pedigrees that it has ever been our fortune to construct, the full lineage of the Greatest American.

The foregoing "Introductory" (with notes) and the following "Family Tree" are from *The Ancestry of Abraham Lincoln*, by J. Henry Lea and J. R. Hutchinson. (Boston and New York, 1909: Houghton Mifflin Co.) By special permission of the copyright owners, Mrs. Ida F. Lea and Mr. J. R. Hutchinson.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE LIFE OF LINCOLN

CHRONOLOGY

- 1809—*February* 12. Abraham Lincoln was born on the Big South Fork of Nolin Creek, in Hardin, now La-Rue County, Kentucky.
- 1816—Removed with his parents to Indiana, settling on Little Pigeon Creek, near Gentryville, Spencer County.
- 1818—Nancy Hanks Lincoln, his mother, died.
- 1819—His father married Sarah Bush Johnston.
- 1828—Went to New Orleans on a flatboat.
- 1830—The Lincolns went to Illinois, settling near Decatur, Macon County. Abraham split the historical rails.
- 1831—Went to New Orleans on a flatboat. *July*. Went to New Salem, Sangamon County. Clerk in store.
- 1832—*March*. Announced himself candidate for legislature. Captain in Black Hawk War. *July*. Mustered out. *August*. Defeated for election.
- 1833—Engaged in business with Berry. Began to study law. The firm of Lincoln & Berry failed. *May*. Postmaster of New Salem. Deputy surveyor of Sangamon County.
- 1834—Again candidate for legislature, and elected.
- 1835—Was at Vandalia as member of legislature. Met

Stephen A. Douglas. Fell in love with Anne Rutledge, who died. Was plunged into melancholia. Love affair with Mary Owens. Re-elected to legislature. Leader of "Long Nine." Worked for Internal Improvement bubble, and succeeded in having State capital removed to Springfield. Protested against resolutions condemning abolitionism. Admitted to the bar.

1837—Settled in Springfield, forming partnership with John T. Stuart.

1838—Re-elected to legislature. Minority candidate for Speaker.

1840—Candidate for Presidential elector on Whig ticket. Stumped the State for Harrison. Had encounters with Douglas. Re-elected to legislature, and again minority candidate for Speaker.

1841—He and Douglas rivals for hand of Mary Todd. Engagement with Mary Todd broken. Ill and almost deranged. Visited his friend Joshua Speed in Kentucky. Challenged to a duel by James T. Shields. *April* 14. Formed law partnership with Judge Stephen T. Logan. Refused Whig nomination for governor.

1842—*November* 4. Married to Mary Todd.

1843—*September* 20. Formed law partnership with William H. Herndon.

1844—Candidate for Presidential elector on Whig ticket, and stumped Illinois and Indiana for Henry Clay.

- 1846—Elected to Thirtieth Congress over Peter Cartwright.
- 1847—In Congress. Introduced famous “Spot” Resolutions.
- 1848—Presidential elector on Whig ticket, and stumped New England for Taylor. *December*. Attended second session of the Thirtieth Congress. Voted for Wilmot Proviso and Ashmun’s amendment. Introduced bill abolishing slavery in District of Columbia. Sought appointment as commissioner of General Lands Office, and failed. Declined appointment as Territorial Governor of Oregon. Went back to Springfield disappointed and disillusioned.
- 1849—Practised law on old Eighth Judicial Circuit of Illinois.
- 1852—Campaigned for Scott.
- 1854—Roused by repeal of Missouri Compromise and passage of Kansas-Nebraska bill. Attacked Douglas’s position. *November*. Elected to legislature against his will.
- 1855—*January*. Resigned from legislature to become candidate for United States senator. *February*. Defeated for United States senator.
- 1856—*May* 29. Spoke at Bloomington Convention, which organised the Republican party in Illinois. Received 110 votes for Vice-President in Republican Convention at Philadelphia. Candidate for Presidential elector on Republican ticket, and campaigned for Frémont. Attacked Douglas’s position.

- 1858—*June* 16. Nominated for United States Senate by Republicans in State Convention. *July* 24. Challenged Douglas to joint debate. Great debate with Douglas. Carried Illinois for Republicans on popular vote, but lost a majority of the legislative districts.
- 1859—*January*. Defeated for Senate by Douglas before legislature. Spoke that fall in Ohio, and in December in Kansas.
- 1860—*February* 27. Delivered notable address at Cooper Institute, New York. Spoke also in New England. *May* 9. Named by Illinois Convention at Decatur as "Rail" candidate for President. *May* 16. Nominated for President by Republicans at Chicago. *November*. Elected.
- 1861—*February* 11. Left Springfield for Washington. *March* 4. Inaugurated as President. *April* 13. Fall of Fort Sumter. *April* 15. Issued call for volunteers, and convened Congress in extraordinary session for July 4. *July* 21. Battle of Bull Run. *July* 25. Appointed McClellan to command Army of Potomac. *November* 1. Appointed McClellan commander-in-chief, under the President, of all armies. *December* 3. Message to Congress. *December* 25. Ordered the return of Mason and Sli-dell, captured Commissioners of the Confederacy, and averted war with England.
- 1862—*January* 13. Appointed Edwin M. Stanton Secretary of War. Sent special message to Congress, rec-

ommending gradual compensated emancipation of slaves. *July 11.* Appointed Halleck general-in-chief. *September 22.* Issued preliminary proclamation of emancipation after battle of Antietam. *December.* Message to Congress again urging gradual compensated emancipation. Superseded McClellan in command of Army of the Potomac by Burnside. *December 13.* Burnside defeated at Fredericksburg.

1863—*January 1.* Issued Emancipation Proclamation. *January 26.* Appointed Hooker to succeed Burnside. *May 2.* Hooker lost battle of Chancellorsville. *June 27.* Appointed Meade to succeed Hooker. *July 1-4.* Battle of Gettysburg. *July 4.* Fall of Vicksburg. *September 19, 20.* Battle of Chickamauga. *November 19.* Delivered address at dedication of the National Cemetery on the battlefield of Gettysburg. *November 24, 25.* Grant won battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. *December 8.* Message to Congress and Proclamation of Amnesty.

1864—*March 3.* Commissioned Grant lieutenant-general and placed him in command of all the armies. *June 7.* Renominated for President by Republican National Convention at Baltimore. *August 23.* Had premonition of defeat. *November 8.* Re-elected.

1865—*February 1.* Hampton Roads Peace Conference with Confederate Commissioners. *March 4.* Inaugurated as President a second time. *March 22.* Vis-

ited Grant at City Point. *April* 4. Entered Richmond. *April* 14. Shot in Ford's Theatre at 10:20 o'clock in the evening. *April* 15. Died at 7:22 o'clock in the morning. *May* 4. Buried in Springfield.

Samuel H. Kirk

LINCOLN PAPERS

“It is the eternal struggle between these two principles—right and wrong—throughout the world. They are the two principles that have stood face to face from the beginning of time, and will ever continue to struggle. The one is the common right of humanity, and the other the divine right of kings. . . . Whenever the issue can be distinctly made and all extraneous matter thrown out, so that men can fairly see the real differences between the parties, this controversy will soon be settled, and it will be done peaceably, too.”

The above is an extract from Lincoln's last speech in his great engagements with Douglas, Oct. 15, 1858.

“My friends, no one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting to Him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.”

On February 11, 1861, Lincoln left Springfield for Washington. His old friends and neighbours went down to the railway station to see him off, and stood patiently, bareheaded in the rain, while, with tears streaming down his dark cheeks, he made the above farewell speech from the platform of the coach. This address is cut in a great block of granite forming a background for Andrew O'Connor's statue at Springfield. (*See facing p. 206.*)

THE FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES:
In compliance with a custom as old as the Government itself, I appear before you to address you briefly, and to take in your presence the oath prescribed by the Constitution of the United States to be taken by the President "before he enters on the execution of his office."

I do not consider it necessary at present for me to discuss those matters of administration about which there is no special anxiety or excitement.

Apprehension seems to exist among the people of the Southern States that by the accession of a Republican Administration their property and their peace and personal security are to be endangered. There has never been any reasonable cause for such apprehension. Indeed, the most ample evidence to the contrary has all the while existed and been open to their inspection. It is found in nearly all the public speeches of him who now addresses you. I do but quote from one of those speeches when I declare that "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so." Those who nominated and elected me did so with full knowledge that I had made

this and many similar declarations, and had never recanted them. And, more than this, they placed in the platform for my acceptance, and as a law to themselves and to me, the clear and emphatic resolution which I now read:

“Resolved, That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States, and especially to the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depend, and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of the soil of any State or Territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the gravest of crimes.”

I now reiterate these sentiments; and, in doing so, I only press upon the public attention the most conclusive evidence of which the case is susceptible, that the property, peace and security of no section are to be in anywise endangered by the now incoming Administration. I add, too, that all the protection which, consistently with the Constitution and the laws, can be given, will be cheerfully given to all the States when lawfully demanded, for whatever cause—as cheerfully to one section as to another.

There is much controversy about the delivering up of fugitives from service or labour. The clause I now read is as plainly written in the Constitution as any other of its provisions:

“No person held to service or labour in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall in conse-

quence of any law or regulation therein be discharged from such service or labour, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labour may be due."

It is scarcely questioned that this provision was intended by those who made it for the reclaiming of what we call fugitive slaves; and the intention of the lawgiver is the law. All members of Congress swear their support to the whole Constitution—to this provision as to any other. To the proposition, then, that slaves, whose cases come within the terms of this clause, "shall be delivered up" their oaths are unanimous. Now, if they would make the effort in good temper, could they not, with nearly equal unanimity, frame and pass a law by means of which to keep good that unanimous oath?

There is some difference of opinion whether this clause should be enforced by national or by State authority; but surely that difference is not a very material one. If the slave is to be surrendered, it can be of but little consequence to him, or to others, by which authority it is done. And should any one, in any case, be content that his oath shall go unkept, on a merely unsubstantial controversy as to *how* it shall be kept?

Again, in any law upon this subject, ought not all the safeguards of liberty known in civilised and humane jurisprudence to be introduced so that a free man be not, in any case, surrendered as a slave? And might it not be well at the same time to provide by law for the enforcement of that clause in the Constitution which guarantees that "the

citizen of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States"?

I take the official oath to-day with no mental reservations and with no purpose to construe the Constitution or laws by any hypercritical rules. And while I do not choose now to specify particular acts of Congress as proper to be enforced, I do suggest that it will be much safer for all, both in official and private stations, to conform to and abide by all those acts which stand unrepealed, than to violate any of them trusting to find impunity in having them held unconstitutional.

It is seventy-two years since the first inauguration of a President under our National Constitution. During that period fifteen different and greatly distinguished citizens have, in succession, administered the Executive branch of the Government. They have conducted it through many perils, and generally with great success. Yet, with all this scope of precedent, I now enter upon the same task for the brief constitutional term of four years, under great and peculiar difficulty. A disruption of the Federal Union, heretofore only menaced, is now formidably attempted.

I hold that, in contemplation of universal law and of the Constitution, the union of these States is perpetual. Perpetuity is implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental law of all national governments. It is safe to assert that no government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. Continue to execute all the express provisions of our National Constitution, and the Union will endure forever—it being impossible to destroy

it except by some action not provided for in the instrument itself.

Again, if the United States be not a government proper, but an association of States in the nature of contract merely, can it, as a contract, be peaceably unmade by less than all the parties who made it? One party to a contract may violate it—break it, so to speak, but does it not require all to lawfully rescind it?

Descending from these general principles, we find the proposition that, in legal contemplation, the Union is perpetual, confirmed by the history of the Union itself. The Union is much older than the Constitution. It was formed, in fact, by the Articles of Association in 1774. It was matured and continued by the Declaration of Independence in 1776. It was further matured, and the faith of all the then thirteen States expressly plighted and engaged that it should be perpetual, by the Articles of Confederation in 1778. And, finally, in 1787, one of the declared objects for ordaining and establishing the Constitution was “*to form a more perfect Union.*”

But if destruction of the Union by one, or by a part only, of the States be lawfully possible, the Union is less perfect than before the Constitution, having lost the vital element of perpetuity.

It follows from these views that no State, upon its own mere motion, can lawfully get out of the Union; that *resolves* and *ordinances* to that effect are legally void; and that acts of violence, within any State or States, against

the authority of the United States, are insurrectionary or revolutionary, according to circumstances.

I therefore consider that, in view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken; and to the extent of my ability I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States. Doing this I deem to be only a simple duty on my part; and I shall perform it, so far as practicable, unless my rightful masters, the American people, shall withhold the requisite means, or in some authoritative manner direct the contrary. I trust this will not be regarded as a menace, but only as the declared purpose of the Union that it *will* constitutionally defend and maintain itself.

In doing this there needs to be no bloodshed or violence; and there shall be none, unless it be forced upon the national authority. The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the government, and to collect the duties and imports; but beyond what may be necessary for these objects, there will be no invasion, no using of force against or among the people anywhere. Where hostility to the United States, in any interior locality, shall be so great and universal as to prevent competent resident citizens from holding the Federal offices, there will be no attempt to force obnoxious strangers among the people for that object. While the strict legal right may exist in the government to enforce the exercise of these offices, the attempt to do so would be so irritating, and so nearly

impracticable withal, that I deem it better to forego for the time the uses of such offices.

The mails, unless repelled, will continue to be furnished in all parts of the Union. So far as possible, the people everywhere shall have that sense of perfect security which is most favourable to calm thought and reflection. The course here indicated will be followed unless current events and experience shall show a modification or change to be proper, and in every case and exigency my best discretion will be exercised according to circumstances actually existing, and with a view and a hope of a peaceful solution of the national troubles, and the restoration of fraternal sympathies and affections.

That there are persons in one section or another who seek to destroy the Union at all events, and are glad of any pretext to do it, I will neither affirm nor deny; but if there be such, I need address no word to them. To those, however, who really love the Union, may I not speak?

Before entering upon so grave a matter as the destruction of our national fabric, with all its benefits, its memories, and its hopes, would it not be wise to ascertain precisely why we do it? Will you hazard so desperate a step while there is any possibility that any portion of the ills you fly from have no real existence? Will you, while the certain ills you fly to are greater than all the real ones you fly from—will you risk the commission of so fearful a mistake?

All profess to be content in the Union, if all constitu-

tional rights can be maintained. Is it true, then, that any right, plainly written in the Constitution, has been denied? I think not. Happily the human mind is so constituted that no party can reach to the audacity of doing this. Think, if you can, of a single instance in which a plainly written provision of the Constitution has ever been denied. If by the mere force of numbers a majority should deprive a minority of any clearly written constitutional right, it might, in a moral point of view, justify revolution—certainly would, if such right were a vital one. But such is not our case. All the vital rights of minorities and of individuals are so plainly assured to them by affirmations and negations, guarantees and prohibitions, in the Constitution, that controversies never arise concerning them. But no organic law can ever be framed with a provision specifically applicable to every question which may occur in practical administration. No foresight can anticipate, nor any document of reasonable length contain, express provisions for all possible questions. Shall fugitives from labour be surrendered by national or State authority? The Constitution does not expressly say. *May* Congress prohibit slavery in the Territories? The Constitution does not expressly say. *Must* Congress protect slavery in the Territories? The Constitution does not expressly say.

From questions of this class spring all our constitutional controversies, and we divide upon them into majorities and minorities. If the minority will not acquiesce, the majority must, or the government must cease. There

is no other alternative, for continuing the government is acquiescence on one side or the other.

If a minority in such case will secede rather than acquiesce, they make a precedent which in turn will divide and ruin them; for a minority of their own will secede from them whenever a majority refuses to be controlled by such minority. For instance, why may not any portion of a new confederacy, a year or two hence, arbitrarily secede again, precisely as portions of the present Union now claim to secede from it? All who cherish disunion sentiments are now being educated to the exact temper of doing this.

Is there such perfect identity of interests among the States to compose a new Union as to produce harmony only, and prevent renewed secession?

Plainly, the central idea of secession is the essence of anarchy. A majority held in restraint by constitutional checks and limitations, and always changing easily with deliberate changes of popular opinions and sentiments, is the only true sovereign of a free people. Whoever rejects it does, of necessity, fly to anarchy or to despotism. Unanimity is impossible; the rule of a minority, as a permanent arrangement, is wholly inadmissible; so that, rejecting the majority principle, anarchy or despotism in some form is all that is left.

I do not forget the position, assumed by some, that constitutional questions are to be decided by the Supreme Court; nor do I deny that such decisions must be binding, in any case, upon the parties to a suit, as to the object

of that suit, while they are also entitled to very high respect and consideration in all parallel cases by all other departments of the government. And while it is obviously possible that such decision may be erroneous in any given case, still the evil effect following it, being limited to that particular case, with the chance that it may be overruled, and never become a precedent for other cases, can better be borne than could the evils of a different practice. At the same time, the candid citizen must confess that if the policy of the government, upon vital questions, affecting the whole people, is to be irrevocably fixed by decisions of the Supreme Court, the instant they are made, in ordinary litigation between parties in personal actions, the people will have ceased to be their own rulers, having to that extent practically resigned their government into the hands of that eminent tribunal. Nor is there in this view any assault upon the court or the judges. It is a duty from which they may not shrink to decide cases properly brought before them, and it is no fault of theirs if others seek to turn their decisions to political purposes.

One section of our country believes slavery is *right*, and ought to be extended, while the other believes it is *wrong*, and ought not to be extended. This is the only substantial dispute. The fugitive-slave clause of the Constitution, and the law for the suppression of the foreign slave trade, are each as well enforced, perhaps, as any law can ever be in a community where the moral sense of the people imperfectly supports the law itself. The great body

of the people abide by the dry legal obligation in both cases, and a few break over in each. This, I think, cannot be perfectly cured; and it would be worse in both cases *after* the separation of the sections than before. The foreign slave trade, now imperfectly suppressed, would be ultimately revived without restriction in one section, while fugitive slaves, now only partially surrendered, would not be surrendered at all by the other.

Physically speaking, we cannot separate. We cannot remove our respective sections from each other, nor build an impassable wall between them. A husband and wife may be divorced, and go out of the presence and beyond the reach of each other; but the different parts of our country cannot do this. They cannot but remain face to face, and intercourse, either amicable or hostile, must continue between them. Is it possible, then, to make that intercourse more advantageous or more satisfactory *after* separation than *before*? Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between aliens than laws can among friends? Suppose you go to war, you cannot fight always; and when, after much loss on both sides, and no gain on either, you cease fighting, the identical old questions as to terms of intercourse are again upon you.

This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government they can exercise their *constitutional* right of amending it, or their *revolutionary* right to dismember or overthrow it. I cannot be ignorant of the fact

that many worthy and patriotic citizens are desirous of having the National Constitution amended. While I make no recommendation of amendments, I fully recognise the rightful authority of the people over the whole subject, to be exercised in either of the modes prescribed in the instrument itself; and I should, under existing circumstances, favour rather than oppose a fair opportunity being offered the people to act upon it. I will venture to add that to me the convention mode seems preferable, in that it allows amendments to originate with the people themselves, instead of only permitting them to take or reject propositions originated by others, not especially chosen for the purpose, and which might not be precisely such as they would wish to either accept or refuse. I understand a proposed amendment to the Constitution—which amendment, however, I have not seen—has passed Congress, to the effect that the Federal Government shall never interfere with the domestic institutions of the States, including that of persons held to service. To avoid misconstruction of what I have said, I depart from my purpose, not to speak of particular amendments, so far as to say that, holding such a provision to now be implied constitutional law, I have no objection to its being made express and irrevocable.

The Chief Magistrate derives all his authority from the people, and they have conferred none upon him to fix terms for the separation of the States. The people themselves can do this also if they choose; but the Executive, as such, has nothing to do with it. His duty is to admin-

ister the present government, as it came to his hands, and to transmit it, unimpaired by him, to his successor.

Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world? In our present differences is either party without faith of being in the right? If the Almighty Ruler of Nations, with His eternal truth and justice, be on your side of the North, or on yours of the South, that truth and that justice will surely prevail by the judgment of this great tribunal of the American people.

By the frame of the government under which we live, this same people have wisely given their public servants but little power for mischief; and have, with equal wisdom, provided for the return of that little to their own hands at very short intervals. While the people retain their virtue and vigilance, no administration, by any extreme of wickedness or folly, can very seriously injure the government in the space of four years.

My countrymen, one and all, think calmly and *well* upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time. If there be an object to *hurry* any of you, in hot haste, to a step which you would never take *deliberately*, that object will be frustrated by taking time; but no good object can be frustrated by it. Such of you as are now dissatisfied, still have the old Constitution unimpaired, and, on the sensitive point, the laws of your own framing under it; while the new administration will have no immediate power, if it would, to change either. If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right

side in the dispute, there still is no single good reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favoured land are still competent to adjust, in the best way, all our present difficulty.

In *your* hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in *mine*, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail *you*. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. *You* have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while *I* shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect, and defend it."

I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield, and patriot grave, to every living heart and hearthstone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

March 4, 1861.

“The will of God prevails. In great contests each party claims to act in accordance with the will of God. Both *may* be and one *must* be wrong. God cannot be *for* and *against* the same thing at the same time. In the present civil war it is quite possible that God’s purpose is something different from the purpose of either party; and yet the human instrumentalities, working just as they do, are ready to say that this is probably true; that God wills this contest, and wills that it shall not end yet. By His mere great power on the minds of the now contestants, He could have either *saved* or *destroyed* the Union without a human contest. Yet the contest began. And having begun, He could give the final victory to either side any day. Yet the contest proceeds.”

Of the above meditation, from the Nicolay-Hay History of Abraham Lincoln, the authors say: “It is a paper which Mr. Lincoln wrote in September, 1862, while his mind was burdened with the weightiest question of his life, the weightiest with which this century has had to grapple. Wearied with all the considerations of law and of expediency with which he had been struggling for two years, he retired within himself and tried to bring some order into his thoughts by rising above the wrangling of men and of parties, and pondering the relations of human government to the Divine. In this frame of mind, absolutely detached from any earthly considerations, he wrote this meditation. It has never been published. It was not written to be seen of men. It was penned in the awful sincerity of a perfectly honest soul trying to bring itself into closer communion with its Maker.”

A LINCOLN ORDER

THE President, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, desires and enjoins the orderly observance of the Sabbath by the officers and men in the military and naval service. The importance for man and beast of the prescribed weekly rest, the sacred rights of Christian soldiers and sailors, a becoming deference to the best sentiment of a Christian people, and a due regard for the Divine will, demand that Sunday labour in the Army and Navy be reduced to the measure of strict necessity. The discipline and character of the national forces should not suffer, nor the cause they defend be imperilled, by the profanation of the day or name of the Most High. "At this time of public distress"—adopting the words of Washington in 1776—"men may find enough to do in the service of God and their country without abandoning themselves to vice and immorality." The first General Order issued by the Father of his Country after the Declaration of Independence indicates the spirit in which our institutions were founded and should ever be defended. "The General hopes and trusts that every officer and man will endeavour to live and act as becomes a Christian soldier, defending the dearest rights and liberties of his country."

November 16, 1862.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA: A PROCLAMATION

WHEREAS, on the twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, a proclamation was issued by the President of the United States, containing, among other things, the following, to wit:

“That on the first day of January, in the year of
“our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-
“three, all persons held as slaves within any State or
“designated part of a State, the people whereof shall
“then be in rebellion against the United States, shall
“be then, thenceforward, and forever free; and the
“Executive Government of the United States, includ-
“ing the military and naval authority thereof, will
“recognise and maintain the freedom of such persons,
“and will do no act or acts to repress such persons,
“or any of them, in any efforts they may make for
“their actual freedom.

“That the Executive will, on the first day of Jan-
“uary aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the
“States and parts of States, if any, in which the peo-
“ple thereof, respectively, shall then be in rebellion
“against the United States; and the fact that any

“State, or the people thereof, shall on that day be,
“in good faith, represented in the Congress of the
“United States by members chosen thereto at elec-
“tions wherein a majority of the qualified voters of
“such State shall have participated, shall, in the ab-
“sence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed
“conclusive evidence that such State, and the people
“thereof, are not then in rebellion against the United
“States.”

Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, do, on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in accordance with my purpose so to do, publicly proclaimed for the full period of one hundred days, from the day first above mentioned, order and designate as the States and parts of States in which the people thereof, respectively, are this day in rebellion against the United States, the following, to wit: Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana (except the Parishes of St. Bernard, Plaquemines, Jefferson, St. Johns, St. Charles, St. James, Ascension, Assumption, Terrebonne, Lafourche, St. Mary, St. Martin, and Orleans, including the City of New Orleans), Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia



THE FIRST READING OF THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION,
FROM PAINTING BY FRANCIS BICKNELL CARPENTER

(except the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia, and also the counties of Berkeley, Accomac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Ann, and Norfolk, including the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth), and which excepted parts are, for the present, left precisely as if this proclamation were not issued.

And by virtue of the power, and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States, and parts of States, are, and henceforward shall be, free; and that the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognise and maintain the freedom of said persons.

And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defence; and I recommend to them that in all cases when allowed they labour faithfully for reasonable wages.

And I further declare and make known, that such persons of suitable condition will be received into the armed service of the United States to garrison forts, positions, stations and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.

And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favour of Almighty God.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this first day of Jan-

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

uary, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the Independence of the United States of America the eighty-seventh.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President:

WILLIAM H. SEWARD,
Secretary of State.

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE DEDICATION OF
THE CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG

FOUR score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which

they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

November 19, 1863.

This speech is inscribed upon a large slab of granite before which stands the bronze statue by Daniel Chester French. (*See p. 125.*)

A LINCOLN LETTER

“DEAR JOHNSTON:

“Your request for eighty dollars I do not think it best to comply with now. At the various times when I have helped you a little you have said to me, ‘We can get along very well now,’ but in a very short time I find you in the same difficulty again. Now this can only happen by some defect in your conduct. What that defect is, I think I know. You are not *lazy*, and still you are an *idler*. I doubt whether, since I saw you, you have done a good whole day’s work in any one day. You do not very much dislike to work, and still you do not work much, merely because it does not seem to you that you could get much for it. This habit of uselessly wasting time is the whole difficulty; it is vastly important to you, and still more so to your children, that you should break the habit. It is more important to them because they have longer to live, and can keep out of an idle habit, before they are in it, easier than they can get out after they are in.

“You are in need of some ready money, and what I propose is that you shall go to work ‘tooth and nail’ for somebody who will give you money for it. Let father and your boys take charge of things at home, prepare for a crop, and make the crop, and you go to work for the best money wages, or in discharge of any debt you owe, that you can get,—and to secure you a fair reward for your labour, I now promise you that for every dollar you will, between

this and the first of next May, get for your own labour, either in money or as your own indebtedness, I will give you one other dollar. By this, if you hire yourself at ten dollars a month, from me you will get ten more, making twenty dollars for your work. In this I do not mean you shall go off to St. Louis, or the lead mines, or the gold mines in California, but I mean for you to go at it for the best wages you can get close to home in Coles County. Now if you will do this, you will be soon out of debt, and, what is better, you will have a habit that will keep you from getting in debt again. But if I should now clear you out, next year you would be just as deep in as ever. You say you would give your place in heaven for \$70 or \$80. Then you value your place in heaven very cheap, for I am sure you can, with the offer I make, get the seventy or eighty dollars for four or five months' work.

"You say, if I will furnish you the money, you will deed me the land, and if you don't pay the money back you will deliver possession. Nonsense! If you can't now live with the land, how will you then live without it! You have always been kind to me, and I do not mean to be unkind to you. On the contrary, if you will but follow my advice, you will find it worth more than eight times eighty dollars to you.

"Affectionately,

"Your brother,

"A. LINCOLN."

This letter to his step-brother, John D. Johnston, is of uncertain day of January, 1851.

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

ANOTHER LINCOLN LETTER

*Executive Mansion
Washington, Nov 21, 1864.*

To Mrs Bixby, Boston, Mass.

Dear Madam.

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously in the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully.

A. Lincoln

It is not known what became of the original of this beautiful and wholly Lincoln-like expression of sympathy to Mrs. Bixby. Its first publication probably occurred in the *Army and Navy Journal* Dec. 3, 1864 (p. 228). It is there preceded by the following note:

"Mrs. Bixby, the recipient, is a poor widow, living in the Eleventh Ward of Boston. Her sixth son, who was severely wounded in a recent battle, is now lying in the Readville hospital."

THE SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN: At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then, a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it—all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive;

and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were coloured slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localised in the Southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the Government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered—that of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. “Wo unto the world because of offences! For it must needs be that offences come; but wo to that man by whom the offence cometh.” If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offences which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to

remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the wo due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

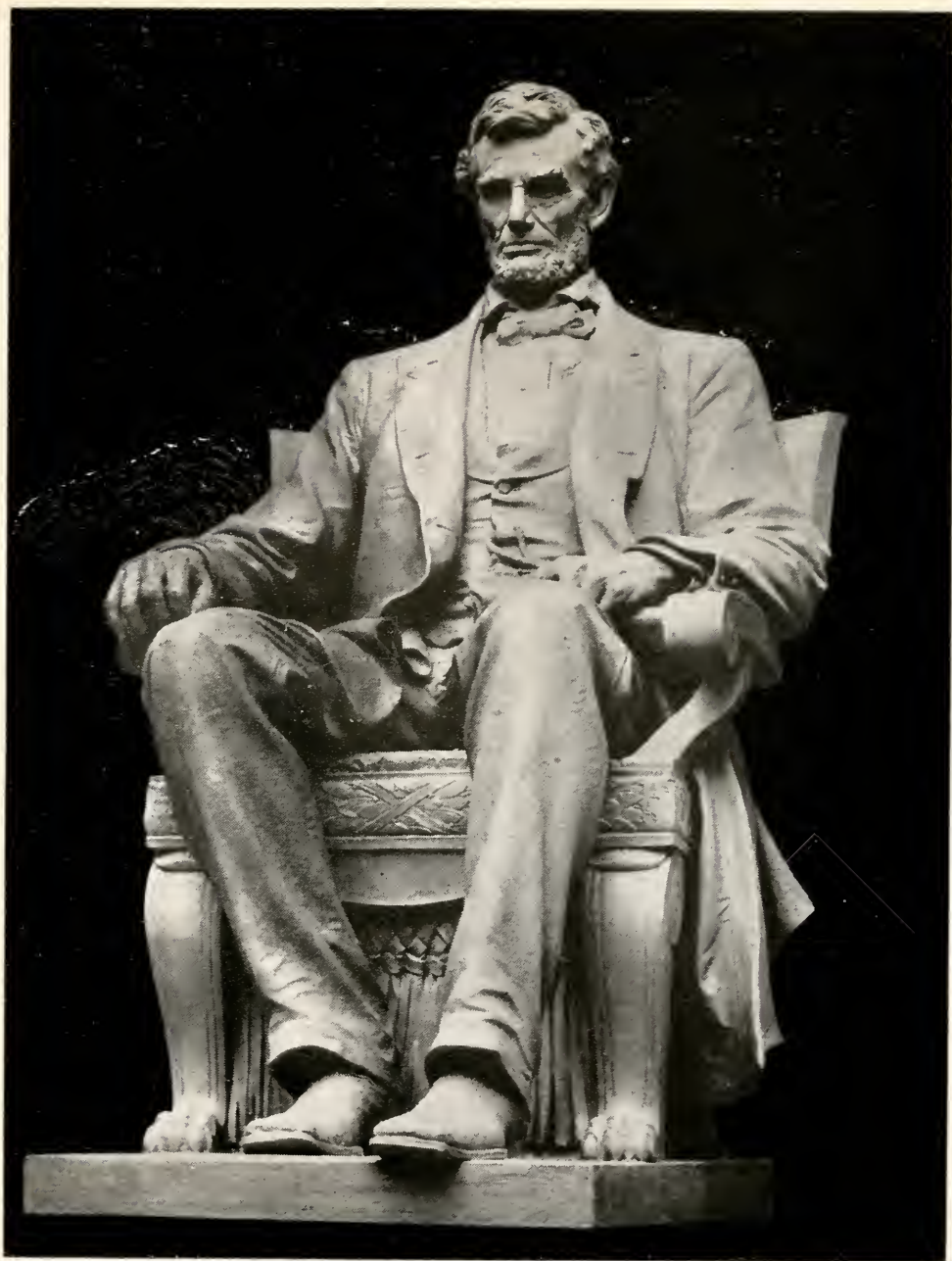
With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

March 4, 1865.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S PLACE IN HISTORY

“Here is one more honoured than any other man while living, more revered when dying, and destined to be loved to the last syllable of recorded time.”



STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN BY ADOLPH ALEXANDER WEINMAN,
IN PUBLIC SQUARE, HODGENSVILLE, KENTUCKY

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S PLACE IN HISTORY

HUMAN glory is often fickle as the winds, and transient as a summer day; but Abraham Lincoln's place in history is assured. All the symbols of this world's admiration are his. He is embalmed in song, recorded in history, eulogised in panegyric, cast in bronze, sculptured in marble, painted on canvas, enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, and lives in the memories of mankind. Some men are brilliant in their times, but their words and deeds are of little worth to history; but his mission was as large as his country, vast as humanity, enduring as time. No greater thought can ever enter the human mind than obedience to law and freedom for all. Some men are not honoured by their contemporaries, and die neglected. Here is one more honoured than any other man while living, more revered when dying, and destined to be loved to the last syllable of recorded time. He has this threefold greatness,—great in life, great in death, great in the history of the world. Lincoln will grow upon the attention and the affections of posterity, because he saved the life of the greatest nation, whose ever widening influence is to bless humanity. Measured by this standard, Lincoln shall live in history from age to age.

Great men appear in groups, and in groups they disap-

pear from the vision of the world; but we do not love or hate men in groups. We speak of Gutenberg and his coadjutors, of Washington and his generals, of Lincoln and his cabinet; but when the day of judgment comes, we crown the inventor of printing, we place the laurel on the brow of the father of his country, and the chaplet of renown upon the head of the saviour of the Republic.

Some men are great from the littleness of their surroundings, but he only is great who is great amid greatness. Lincoln had great associates,—Seward, the sagacious diplomatist; Chase, the eminent financier; Stanton, the incomparable Secretary of War; with illustrious senators and soldiers. None could take his part nor fill his position. And the same law of the coming and going of great men is true of our own day. In piping times of peace, genius is not aflame, and true greatness is not apparent; but when the crisis comes, then God lifts the curtain from obscurity and reveals the man for the hour.

Lincoln stands forth on the page of history, unique in his character and majestic in his individuality. Like Milton's angel, he was an original conception. He was raised up for his times. He was a leader of leaders. By instinct the common heart trusted him. He was of the people and for the people. He had been poor and laborious; but greatness did not change the tone of his spirit, or lessen the sympathies of his nature. His character was strangely symmetrical. He was temperate, without austerity; brave, without rashness; constant, without obstinacy. He put caution against hope, that it might not be prema-

ture; and hope against caution, that it might not yield to dread or danger. His marvellous hopefulness never betrayed him into impracticable measures. His love of justice was only equalled by his delight in compassion. His regard for personal honour was only excelled by love of country. His self-abnegation found its highest expression in the public good. His integrity was never questioned. His honesty was above suspicion. He was more solid than brilliant; his judgment dominated his imagination; his ambition was subject to his modesty, and his love of justice held the mastery over all personal considerations. Not excepting Washington, who inherited wealth and high social position, Lincoln is the fullest representative American in our national annals. He had touched every round in the human ladder. He illustrated the possibilities of our citizenship. We are not ashamed of his humble origin. We are proud of his greatness.

We are to judge men by their surroundings, and measure their greatness by the difficulties which they surmounted. Every age has its heroes, every crisis its master. Lincoln came into power in the largest and most violent political convulsion known to history. In nothing is the sagacity and might of Lincoln's statesmanship more apparent than in his determination to save the Union of these States. This was the objective point of his administration. He denied State Sovereignty as paramount to National Sovereignty. States have their rights and their obligations; and their chief obligation is to remain in the Union. Some political philanthropists clamoured for the

overthrow of slavery, and advocated the dissolution of the Union rather than live in a country under whose government slavery was tolerated. But Lincoln was a wiser and a better philanthropist than they. He would have the Union, with or without slavery. He preferred it without, and his preference prevailed. How incomparably worse would have been the condition of the slave in a Confederacy with a living slave for its corner stone than in the Union of the States! Time has vindicated the character of his statesmanship, that to preserve the Union was to save this great nation for human liberty, and thereby advance the emancipated slave to education, thrift, and political equality.

Bishop JOHN PHILIP NEWMAN.

From "Pieces for Every Occasion," compiled by Caroline B. Le Row; copyright, 1901, by Hinds & Noble.

I. THE SOURCE OF LINCOLN

*"Thank God for sires like these!
Thank God for mothers who could brave the seas,
And savage toil, that we, their sons, might be
Forever free!"*

THE MAN OF THE WEST

OUT of the West a Man,—
One man from all the West,
In all the years, a myriad compressed;
What lion breed, what sky, what potent earth
Shall give him birth?
What arms his cradle be,
What scenes and men shall mould his infancy,
This tygal Man, this latest, strongest, best,
This hero of the West?

Only the bravest came,
The coward trembled at the two months' sea;
Only the strongest came,—
The weakling feared the storm's inclemency;
Only the best survived,—
The faint and weary sank beneath their load,
Beneath the squalor of the winter woods,
The grinding toil, the maddening solitudes;
Only the fit and few,
The demigods alone, shall blaze the road
In worlds unmanned and new;
Only the granite will,
Only the spark divine no force may kill;

THE MAN OF THE WEST—[*Continued*]

Only the doubly picked, the best from out the best,
Those mighty ones who broke our mighty West.

Behold them fling the seed,
This Titan breed,
Crashing the forest down,
Razing with sweat the site for mead and town,
And pressing ever westward undismayed,—
A century of forest and of toil,
Of bare-hand battle for the naked soil,
As Jacob wrestled on the midnight sod,
As face to face with God.

And shall they weaklings be?
In every fibre shall they not be free?
And can you bend them to the despot's will?
And can you grind them in a tyrant's mill,
These lusty, full-lunged breakers of the West,
These forest-whelped, who knew nor ease nor rest
Nor law nor king's decree
Save God and strength of arm and liberty?
And shall they cringe and fawn,
And shall they yield like that low feudal spawn
Age long wrung out for gold and power and bread,
Until their very hearts and souls are dead?

Thank God for sires like these!
Thank God for mothers who could brave the seas,
And savage toil, that we, their sons, might be
Forever free.

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

THE MAN OF THE WEST—[Continued]

*Out of this West a Man,
One Man from all the West,
In all the years, a myriad compressed;
What lion breed, what sky, what potent earth
Shall give him birth?
What arms his cradle be,
What scenes and men shall mould his infancy,
This typical Man, this latest, strongest, best,
This hero of the West?*

A nation is a man; one Titan soul
Pervades the whole.
What human art
May tear from France the stamp of Bonaparte?
The empire on the Rhine,—
What is it but a Bismarck made divine?
And Spain is Philip, though the outer show
Has vanished long ago;
And Britain would no longer Britain be
Without her iron duke, her Nelson on the sea.
But what of that new empire of the West,
That rising power that shadows all the rest?
What Titan man shall be her hero soul
To rule and stamp the whole?
Shall he be gently born,
Of ancient lineage and high degree?
Shall he a courtier be,
And roundly trained all circles to adorn?

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

THE MAN OF THE WEST—[Continued]

Shall he be softly reared upon the gold
Wrung from the peasant with a strangle hold?
Shall he know luxury
And live in riot, none to say him nay,
Nor ever toil to win an honest day?
Thank God, the virile, Manhood-moulding West
Counts this not best.
Thank God, upon our soil
The man must toil.
Thank God the man we pick to mould the rest
Must be one nurtured at the new world's breast.

Behold this hero, gaunt and border born,
A man with every shred of soul and heart
Of our new soil a part.
Behold him; this is he,
This Jarl full-lunged, in every fibre free,
Unpolished and ungainly; honest youth
Is evermore uncouth,—
And we are young. Thank God, these western lands
Are still in swaddling bands;
No task completely done;
The mighty day is hardly yet begun.
Behold him solid to the inner ring
Like some gnarled forest king.
Behold him, self-reliant as a god,
Erect, clear-eyed, unawed;

THE MAN OF THE WEST—[*Continued*]

A man of bare-armed toil,
Who want has known and all the fret and moil
And lonely heartache of the pioneer.

Behold him here,

This sad-eyed, silent man,
And note the mighty power
Coiled in his soul and waiting for its hour,—

The power to seize its day; to work and plan
And bide its time; and single out the best,—
The training of our Man-producing West.

From out the West a Man.

Behold our hero, him we joy to hold
Before our sons to thrill and test and mould.

No Bismarck he,
No man of blood and iron and destiny;
No Philip void of conscience and of heart;
No self-awed Bonaparte;

But one as gentle as a mother's soul;
As tender as a maiden, as a child
As pure of heart and undefiled;

Yet strong withal and mighty to control
And bend the kings of men to do his will;
A man of humble heart, yet strong to sway
A continent his way

God's purpose to fulfil.

And they have called us small and craven-souled,
Slaves of the dollar mark,

THE MAN OF THE WEST—[*Continued*]

Without a thought above the maddening cark
That makes for gold;

And they have cast

The taunt that we're a herd without a past.

Without a past! My God, and have they read
The roll-call of our dead?

Those stern, brave mothers of our raw frontiers,
Those mighty pioneers,

Whose every step was toil and sacrifice
And blood and streaming eyes?

And think they that the tears

And heartaches of that fierce three hundred years
Have been forgot?

No, every mile of our vast nation's spread
Is sacred with our dead,

And every page upon our record roll
Has its heroic soul.

And can we cravens be

Who heir this mighty, blood-bought legacy?
Can we be sordid souled

And sell our priceless heritage for gold

Who bear within our veins some hero's tide,

And breathe full lunged the air for which he died?

Ah, all in vain they strike their puny blow,
They do not know.

And they forget the mighty hero soul

Who heads our roll.

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

THE MAN OF THE WEST—[*Continued*]

With him our model can we sordid be?
With him to mould us shall we not be free?
And shall we not in every nerve be true,
And shall we not for God our duty do?

And humble be,
And gentle as the Christ of Galilee?
Yet fierce withal to right a brother's wo
And fight and die if duty hold it so?

To guard our country's honest name
From every breath of calumny and shame?
To die exulting with our latest breath,
If but the dear land profit by our death,

To hold forever in our inmost breast
A mighty love for this, our mother West,
The land of all God's goodly land the best.

And this we learned of that strong, tygal man
Who drew our plan,
That final plan, the growth of our new soil,
The culmination of three centuries' toil,
The plan of empire that shall dominate
The tyrant state,
And sweep injustice from the ocean's brim,
And make us strong forever, having him.

Ah, deathless one, we see the hand of God
And we are still.

He does not work in petty human ways,
All glory to His will.

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

THE MAN OF THE WEST—[*Continued*]

The mighty He casts down,
And those of low degree,
The pure in heart, His mighty ones shall be.
And this the message to our rising West:
There is no high or low, and truth is best.
FRED LEWIS PATTEE.

II. THE MOTHER OF LINCOLN .

*“Mother of Lincoln,
Our tears, our praise;
‘A battle-flag
And the victor’s bays!”*

NANCY HANKS LINCOLN

PRAIRIE child,
Brief as dew,
What winds of wonder
Nourished you?

Rolling plains
Of billowy green;
Far horizons,
Blue, serene;

Lofty skies
The slow clouds climb,
Where burning stars
Beat out the time:

These, and the dreams
Of fathers bold—
Baffled longings,
Hopes untold—

Gave to you
A heart of fire,
Love like deep waters,
Brave desire.

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

NANCY HANKS LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

Ah, when youth's rapture
Went out in pain,
'And all seemed over,
Was all in vain?

O soul obscure,
Whose wings life bound,
'And soft death folded
Under the ground.

Wilding lady,
Still and true,
Who gave us Lincoln
And never knew:

To you at last
Our praise, our tears,
Love and a song
Through the nation's years.

Mother of Lincoln,
Our tears, our praise;
'A battle-flag
And the victor's bays!

HARRIET MONROE.

III. TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN

“Made by God’s providence the Anointed One.”

TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN

PROUDEST of all earth's thrones
Is his who rules by a free people's choice;
Who, 'midst fierce party strife and battle groans,
Hears, ever rising in harmonious tones,
A grateful people's voice.

Steadfast in thee we trust,
Tried as no man was ever tried before;
God made thee merciful,—God keep thee just;
Be true! and triumph over all thou must.
God bless thee evermore!

ANONYMOUS.

SUCH, AND SO GIFTED, LINCOLN

STERN be the Pilot in the dreadful hour
When a great nation, like a ship at sea
With the wroth breakers whitening her lee,
Feels her last shudder if the helmsman cower;
A godlike manhood be his mighty dower!
Such, and so gifted, Lincoln, may'st thou be
With thy high wisdom's low simplicity
And awful tenderness of voted power:
From our hot records then thy name shall stand
On Time's calm ledger out of passionate days—
With the pure debt of gratitude begun,
And only paid in never-ending praise—
One of the many of a mighty Land,
Made by God's providence the Anointed One.

JOHN JAMES PIATT.

(1862)



PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND HIS SECRETARIES, MESSRS. JOHN G. NICOLAY
AND JOHN HAY

TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN

January 1, 1863

LINCOLN, that with thy steadfast truth the sand
Of men and time and circumstance dost sway!
The slave-cloud dwindles on this golden day,
And over all the pestilent southern land,
Breathless, the dark expectant millions stand,
To watch the northern sun rise on its way,
Cleaving the stormy distance—every ray
Sword-bright, sword-sharp, in God's invisible hand.

Better with this great end, partial defeat,
And jibings of the ignorant worldly-wise,
Than laud and triumph won with shameful blows.
The dead Past lies in its dead winding-sheet;
The living Present droops with tearful eyes;
But far beyond the awaiting Future glows.

EDMUND OLLIER.

Morning Star, London, England.

IV. THE FIRST AMERICAN

“New birth of our new soil, the first American.”

THE FIRST AMERICAN

LIFE may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to Truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field,
So bountiful is Fate;
But then to stand beside her,
When craven churls deride her,
To front a lie in arms and not to yield,
This shows, methinks, God's plan
And measure of a stalwart man,
Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
Who stand self-poised on manhood's solid earth,
Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
Fed from within with all the strength he needs.

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
Whom late the Nation he had led,
With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
Forgive me, if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hang my wrath on his world-honoured urn.
Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote:

THE FIRST AMERICAN—[*Continued*]

For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
They knew that outward grace is dust;
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.

His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapours blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet, also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.
Nothing of Europe here,
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
Ere any names of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface



STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN BY ADOLPH ALEXANDER WEINMAN

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

THE FIRST AMERICAN—[*Continued*]

And thwart her genial will;

Here was a type of the true elder race,

And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.

I praise him not; it were too late;

And some innate weakness there must be

In him who condescends to victory

Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,

Safe in himself as in a fate.

So always firmly he:

He knew to bide his time,

And can his fame abide,

Still patient in his simple faith sublime,

Till the wise years decide.

Great captains with their guns and drums,

Disturb our judgment for the hour,

But at last silence comes;

These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,

Our children shall behold his fame.

The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,

Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,

New birth of our new soil, the first American.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

From Ode Recited at the Harvard Commemoration, July 21, 1865.

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE

WHEN the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour,
Threatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mighty need.
She took the tried clay of the common road,
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Tempered the heap with touch of mortal tears,
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.

The colour of the ground was in him, the red earth,
The tang and odour of the primal things—
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The loving-kindness of the wayside well;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE—[*Continued*]

And so he came.

From prairie cabin up to Capitol
One fair Ideal led our chieftain on.
Forevermore he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king.
He built the rail pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
The conscience of him testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart:
And when the step of Earthquake shook the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient hold,
He held the ridgepole up and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise,
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a kingly cedar green with boughs
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

THE MASTER

A flying word from here and there
Had sown the name at which we sneered,
But soon the name was everywhere,
To be reviled and then revered:
A presence to be loved and feared,
We cannot hide it, or deny
That we, the gentlemen who jeered,
May be forgotten by and by.

He came when days were perilous
And hearts of men were sore beguiled;
And having made his note of us,
He pondered and was reconciled.
Was ever master yet so mild
As he, and so untamable?
We doubted, even when he smiled,
Not knowing what he knew so well.

He knew that undeceiving fate
Would shame us whom he served unsought;
He knew that he must wince and wait—
The jest of those for whom he fought;

From "The Town Down the River;" copyright, 1910, by Charles
Scribner's Sons.

THE MASTER—[*Continued*]

He knew devoutly what he thought
Of us and of our ridicule;
He knew that we must all be taught
Like little children in a school.

We gave a glamour to the task
That he encountered and saw through,
But little of us did he ask,
And little did we ever do.
And what appears if we review
The season when we railed and chaffed?
It is the face of one who knew
That we were learning while we laughed.

The face that in our vision feels
Again the venom that we flung,
Transfigured to the world reveals
The vigilance to which we clung.
Shrewd, hallowed, harassed, and among
The mysteries that are untold,
The face we see was never young,
Nor could it ever have been old.

For he to whom we had applied
Our shopman's test of age and worth,
Was elemental when he died,
As he was ancient at his birth:
The saddest among kings of earth,
Bowed with a galling crown, this man

THE MASTER—[*Continued*]

Met rancor with a cryptic mirth,
Laconic—and Olympian.

The love, the grandeur, and the fame
Are bounded by the world alone;
The calm, the smouldering, and the flame
Of awful patience were his own:
With him they are forever flown
Past all our fond self-shadowings,
Wherewith we cumber the Unknown
As with inept Icarian wings.

For we were not as other men:
'Twas ours to soar and his to see.
But we are coming down again,
And we shall come down pleasantly;
Nor shall we longer disagree
On what it is to be sublime,
But flourish in our perigee
And have one Titan at a time.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

HIS people called and forth he came
As one that answers to his name;
Nor dreamed how high his charge,
His privilege how large,—

To set the stones back in the wall
Lest the divided house should fall.
The shepherd who would keep
The flocks, would fold the sheep.

Humbly he came, yet with the mien
Presaging the immortal scene,—
Some battle of His wars
Who sealeth up the stars.

No flaunting of the banners bold
Borne by the haughty sons of old;
Their blare, their pageantries,
Their goal,—they were not his.

We called, he came; he came to crook
The spear into the pruning-hook,
To toil, untimely sleep,
And leave a world to weep.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

LINCOLN

WHEN I remember how he dauntless stood,
Giving himself to stem the civic flood;
How o'er his head the high waves seemed to meet,
Yet broke and parted, flowing slow about his feet;
When I remember what his face made known,
How the crude clay became the angel in stone,
I tremble, dimly knowing that God's plan
Found part of its fulfilment in this man.

The mass is man-becoming,—*he* became;
In what he was is our potential fame;
So blended are we all that one brave soul
Cannot achieve the stars but that the whole
Pulses with deeper life, and feels the night
Lift to that morn where all shall walk in light.

VALERIA KELSEY

LINCOLN

FATE struck the hour!
A crisis hour of Time.

The tocsin of a people clanging forth
Thro' the wild South and thro' the startled North
Called for a leader, master of his kind,
Fearless and firm, with clear foreseeing mind;
Who should not flinch from calumny or scorn,
Who in the depth of night could ken the morn;
Wielding a giant power
Humbly, with faith sublime.

God knew the man His sovereign grace had sealed;
God touched the man, and Lincoln stood revealed!

JANE L. HARDY

“MANIBUS DATE LILIA PLENIS”

GREATHEART, so lowly born, so rudely bred,
Decreed the Captain of those lurid years,
Loneling of Time, with suffocating tears
Laid tenderly among the mightiest dead,
What trust, what love, thy towering spirit led
Thro' dark, tremendous days! What sanity
Girded thy sadness, Lincoln! Humanity
Thy mystic kin, whose life with longing bled.
Out of the West, to weld the South and North
In the war-blast, simple, so unaware
Of thy rare dignity, pitiful and wise,
Hearing the undertones that summoned forth
Great hosts to die, when all was done, to bear
Thy red libation to the sacrifice!

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER.

A HERO

HE sang of joy; whate'er he knew of sadness
He kept for his own heart's peculiar share:
So well he sang, the world imagined gladness
To be sole tenant there;

For dreams were his, and in the dawn's fair shining,
His spirit soared beyond the mounting lark;
But from his lips no accent of repining
Fell when the days grew dark;

And though contending long dread Fate to master,
He failed at last her enmity to cheat;
He turned with such a smile to face disaster
That he sublimed defeat.

FLORENCE EARLE COATES

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE CHILD

AS by the fire, a knot of pine for light,
The boy from freshly finished toil lies down
To master mysteries of verb and noun,
Unmindful of the hours in hurried flight,
E'en fairyland with king and doughty knight,
Who wage their mimic wars in floral crown,—
As youth, awak'ning, shows reluctant frown,—
Must give the day and loan the hours of night
So he who sees real battles to be won
By thoughts and courage rescued from the wild
Tumultuous years of boyhood reconciled
To share the toil of brain with boist'rous fun,
To learn, to know, perchance to weep, as one
Who bears a manly burden while a child.

THE MAN

What time a gloom enshrouds the harried ground,
A pall engulfs our hope, and glory hides
Behind a wall of hatred that divides
The states a nation thought securely bound;
While strife and noise of war afar resound,
A man steps forth between the swinging tides
To teach the world anew that right abides

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

Where freedom, love, and faith in man abound.

In vain he writhed e'er Hell should swing the gate
To reap the bloody fields, to kill and maim,
In vain would he the sundered lands reclaim;
Yet spelled the riven stars his cruel fate:
To face the avalanche of war and hate
Till Death entwined the martyr's crown of fame.

THE MEMORY

Ah, such a man empyreal sphere attains,
Who knows and feels his fellow's hurts and needs,
Whose heart responds to every wound that bleeds
And every soul entrapped by cruel pains,
With love that falls like Heaven's fresh'ning rains,
Uplifts the fallen and all the hungry feeds,
Ignoring hate of race or jangling creeds,
Or stains of iron from lately broken chains.
How strong thy love, yet meek as gentle dove!
Such perfect bloom from lowly tangled sod!
While groping mortals, striving upward, plod,
They'll reach and strain for thy enkindling love—
Triumphant love vouchsafed from realms above,—
In human form, the majesty of God.

EDMOND S. MEANY.

THE STAR OF SANGAMON

A NATION called through the gloom
In one long wail of despair,
One multitudinous prayer,
'Neath portent of hastening doom;
And myriad strained eyes
Were lifted to lowering skies.

But on a sudden the night
Was shaken; a marvellous light
Burst forth, an effulgent spark
Against the o'erwhelming dark,
It waxed, it whitened, it shone
Aflame in the widening zone
Of dawn; and a world intent
Read, scanning the firmament,
God's covenant blazed thereon,
America's horoscope,
The sign of a Nation's hope,
The Star of Sangamon.

Not out of the East but the West
A Star and a Saviour arose;
A light to an eager quest,
A spirit of grace possessed,

THE STAR OF SANGAMON—[*Continued*]

Of faith 'mid increasing woes,
Of wisdom manifest.
And, forth from the variant past
Of thralldom's darkness, at last
God's measureless love for man
Wrought through heredity's dower
The great American,
Whose soul was the perfect flower
Of patriot planting in soil
Kept moist by blood and tears,
And fertile by faithful toil
Throughout unnumbered years.

Nor accident nor chance,
But heavenly ordinance
Set his nativity
In ripened fulness of time,
For sake of a race to be
The pledge of a golden prime.

In lowliest spot he breathed
His first sweet breath of the earth;
And life's great Parent bequeathed
Fair virginal Nature from birth
To be his tutor and friend,
His youthful steps to attend.

She led o'er the wooded hills
And flowering prairied vales,

THE STAR OF SANGAMON—[*Continued*]

Along by the summer's rills,
Against the winter's gales,
Through sweeps of primeval ills,
Across the Red Men's trails.

She taught him the songs of birds,
The sympathy-syllabled words
Of water and earth and air,
And pointed the winding stair
That leads to Heaven, where climb
The higher forces of time.

She bound him, that he might feel
The weight of Oppression's heel;
She starved him, that he might learn
The hunger of souls that yearn;
She bruised him, that he might know
Somewhat of the world's great wo.

She helmed him with faith; she placed
The girdle of strength at his waist;
And over his breast she laid
The buckler of right; the blade
Of truth she set in his hand
And bade him unwavering stand,
As Moses stood with his rod,
For Freedom and God.
At length in a deathless hour
She kissed him; a quickening power

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

THE STAR OF SANGAMON—[Continued]

Shot forth through her lips of fire
In touch of divine desire.

One long sweet look of review;
Then suddenly from her she threw
Her manifold mantle of mystery;
And, facing the great Before,
On unto the famed door
That opens out into history,
In radiant rapture she led
Her hero all panoplied,
And thrust him from her to be,
On mission immortal bent,
Transfigurer of despair,
The champion of Liberty,
The hope of a continent,
God's answer to prayer.

LYMAN WHITNEY ALLEN

The above poem, and two others in this volume, "The People's King" and "The Nation's Prophet," are from Dr. Allen's poem "Abraham Lincoln," for which he was awarded the prize of one thousand dollars, by the *New York Herald*, as the best poem on American history. It was first published in the Christmas issues of the *New York Herald*, the *Boston Herald*, and the *St. Louis Republic*, 1895. See Bibliography.

LINCOLN

L INCOLN arose! the masterful great man,
Girt with rude grandeur, quelling doubt and fear—
A more than king, yet in whose veins there ran
The red blood of the people, warm, sincere,
Blending of Puritan and Cavalier.

HENRY TYRRELL

LINCOLN

CHAINED by stern duty to the rock of State,
His spirit armed in mail of rugged mirth,
Ever above, though ever near to earth,
Yet felt his heart the cruel tongues that sate
Base appetites, and foul with slander, wait
Till the keen lightnings bring the awful hour
When wounds and suffering shall give them power.
Most was he like to Luther, gay and great,
Solemn and mirthful, strong of heart and limb.
Tender and simple too; he was so near
To all things human that he cast out fear,
And, ever simpler, like a little child,
Lived in unconscious nearness unto Him
Who always on earth's little ones hath smiled.

S. WEIR MITCHELL

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THERE is no name in all our country's story
So loved as his to-day:

No name that so unites the things of glory
With life's plain, common way.

Poor as the poorest were his days' beginnings,
The earth-floored cabin home.

And yet, compared with his, our rich men's winnings
Are fleeting as the foam.

His was a tragedy such deeps concealing
All eyes with his grow dim.

And his a humour so sincerely healing
The whole world laughs with him.

He knew the doubter's doubt, the restless heaving
Of the swift waves of youth.

He knew the calm of faith, the strong believing
Of him who lives the truth.

So manifold his life, the great-souled Lincoln
Makes every life his own.

Therefore of all our heroes whom we think on
He has a place alone.

ROBERT WHITAKER

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

HIS was the woodsman's rugged frame,
A knightly spirit bold,
The simple ways and studious tastes
Of anchorites of old.
His heart was tender with a love
For all humanity;
He heard the wailing of the slaves
And yearned to set them free.

No honest labour ever shamed
His spirit sound and true;
That which lay nearest to his hand
He never failed to do;
Through hardship, toil and bitter pain
He walked, serenely brave,
The narrow upward path that led
To glory and the grave.

Though many a year above his dust
Has shed its suns and rains,
A pattern still for all the world
His memory remains.
And laurel wreath and martyr's crown
Around his name are blent,
And every black he freed is now
His living monument.

MINNA IRVING

[113]

LINCOLN

HURT was the nation with a mighty wound,
 And all her ways were filled with clam'rous sound.
 Wailed loud the South with unremitting grief,
 And wept the North that could not find relief.
 Then madness joined its harshest tone to strife;
 A minor note swelled in the song of life
 Till, stirring with the love that filled his breast,
 But still unflinching at the right's behest
 Grave Lincoln came, strong-handed, from afar,—
 The mighty Homer of the lyre of war!
 'Twas he who bade the raging tempest cease,
 Wrenched from his harp the harmony of peace,
 Muted the strings that made the discord,—Wrong,
 And gave his spirit up in thund'rous song.
 Oh, mighty Master of the mighty lyre!
 Earth heard and trembled at thy strains of fire:
 Earth learned of thee what Heav'n already knew,
 And wrote thee down among her treasured few!

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

LINCOLN

YON red orb, in fame's azure hung,
Is Alexander's; flushed and young,
The Sword of Macedon
In world-wars long ago.

Beyond it, poised where no clouds are,
Flashes, alone, the cold keen star
Of Cæsar, where it clomb
High over seven-hilled Rome;

Shine next, as naked greatness can,
The rival lights of Charlemagne
And that fair Saxon king
Who knew no wicked thing.

Brave stars, against the darkness bold
Shine for the mighty men of old,
Who, as the strength was given,
Leapt into memory's heaven.

But he that never thought to climb,
Our crownless king, of later time,
Who walked the humble way,
Coming as comes the day;

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

He that, for kings and princes all,
Would once more read the mystic wall,—
Spell out, there, what was meant
Whereso the Finger went;

He that, over the anvil lowered,
Would beat the ploughshare from the sword,
Lest peace from man depart,
Yea, hope from out his heart;—

Earth held to him. The rough-hewn form,
Looming through that unnatural storm,
Hinted the rude, mixed mould
Ere chaos loosed her hold;

A lone, wind-beaten, hill-top tree,
His that pathetic majesty;
Forlorn even in his mirth,
His roots deep in the earth.

Earth's is he yet. When from the hill
The warm gold flows, and hollows fill,
The sunlight shines his fame,
The winds blaze Lincoln's name.

Ay, Earth's he is; not hers alone—
Blood of our blood, bone of our bone,
Love folded him to rest
Upon a people's breast.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

CHILD of the boundless prairie, son of the virgin
soil,
Heir to the bearing of burdens, brother to them that toil;
God and Nature together shaped him to lead in the van,
In the stress of her wildest weather when the Nation
needed a Man.

Eyes of a smouldering fire, heart of a lion at bay,
Patience to plan for to-morrow, valour to serve for to-day,
Mournful and mirthful and tender, quick as a flash with a
jest,
Hiding with gibe and great laughter, the ache that was
dull in his breast!

Met were the Man and the Hour—Man who was strong
for the shock—

Fierce were the lightnings unleashed; in the midst, he
stood fast as a rock.

Comrade he was and commander he, who was meant for
the time,

Iron in council and action, simple, aloof, and sublime.

Swift slip the years from their tether, centuries pass like
a breath,

Only some lives are immortal, challenging darkness and
death.

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

Hewn from the stuff of the martyrs, write in the star-
dust his name,
Glowing, untarnished, transcendent, high on the records
of Fame.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE PEOPLE'S KING

NOT oft such marvel the years reveal,
Such beauteous thing,
A People's King,
The chosen liege of a chosen weal,
And Liberty's offering.

Not oft such product the fair world hath,
A People's Own,
On mightiest throne,
Whose strong foundations are Right and Faith,
And virtue the corner-stone.

Not by earth's bounty was he prepared;
Not princely store
Nor golden lore
Was' nurture on which his nature fared
For strength in the trust he bore;

But inner largess of revenue,
Past time and space,
The fruits of grace,
That mellowed upon the tree which grew
God's food for a famished race.

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

THE PEOPLE'S KING—[*Continued*]

In history's mirror he truly saw
The ages' strife,
With passion rife,
'Neath covenant promise a changeless law
Writ clear in its serial life.

He learned from the centuries' battle-fields
What heroes are,
How maim and scar
Are gloried trophies to him who yields
Himself to the shocks of war;

That patriot sires have taught their sons,
Since days of eld,
How Truth is held,
And Justice fashions a nation's guns
Never to be repelled.

Thus was it a purpose for valiant deeds,
Like whitening flame,
Through all his frame
Swept burning until his Country's needs
His one great thought became.

Thus was it he took in his sovereign hand,
With face to Fate,
The orb of state,
To serve his Country and God, and stand
To them all consecrate.

LYMAN WHITNEY ALLEN

LINCOLN

WE mark the lowly place where he was born,
We try to dream the dreams that starred his nights
When the rude path that ran beside the corn
Grew to a fair broad way which found the heights;
We try to sense the lonely days he knew,
The silences that wrapped about his soul
When there came whispers tremulous and true
Which urged him up and onward to his goal.

His was the dream-filled world of friendly trees;
And marvel reaches of the prairie lands;
The brotherhood of fields, and birds, and bees,
Which magnifies the soul that understands;
His was the school of unremitting toil
Whose lessons leave an impress strong and deep;
His were the thoughts of one close to the soil,
The knowledge of the ones who sow and reap.

And all of this, and from all this he rose
Full panoplied, when came his country's call,
Strong-hearted and strong-framed to bear the woes
Which fell on him the bitterest of all.

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

And well he wrought, and wisely well he knew
The strain and stress that should be his alone;
He did the long task set for him to do—
This man who came unfavoured and unknown.

We look to-day, not through Grief's mist of tears,
Not through glamour of nearness to the great,
But down the long, long corridor of years
Where stand the sentinels of Fame and Fate,
And now we see him, whom men called uncouth,
Grown wondrous fair beneath the hand of Time,
And know the love of liberty and truth
Brings immortality, and makes sublime.

But, O, this rugged face with kindly eyes
Wherein a haunting sorrow ever stays!
Somehow it seems that through the sorrow rise
The echoed visions of his other days,
That still we may in subtle fancy trace
The light that led him with prophetic gleams—
That here we gaze upon the pictured face
Of one who was a boy that lived his dreams!
WILBUR D. NESBIT

THE NATION'S PROPHET

THE hour was come, and with it rose the man
Ordained of God and fashioned for the hour;
The saviour of a race;
For whom wrought ever, since the world began,
The subtle energies of thought and power
In lineal lines of grace.

Incarnate Conscience; Right's embodiment;
Benignant Nature's generous bequest
In mind and feature writ;
Life's lore and legends into wisdom blent;
Past verities to present truth compressed;
The People's composite.

A master-soul was his that gazing saw
The refluent tide of battle, felt the fires
That swept all withering;
A master-soul, set to a higher law,
That heard above the Earth's despairing, quires
Of heavenly promise sing.

LYMAN WHITNEY ALLEN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THIS man whose homely face you look upon
Was one of Nature's masterful, great men;
Born with strong arms, that unfought battles won;
Direct of speech, and cunning with the pen.
Chosen for large designs, he had the art
Of winning with his humour, and he went
Straight to his mark, which was the human heart;
Wise, too, for what he could not break he bent.
Upon his back a more than Atlas-load
The burden of the Commonwealth, was laid;
He stooped, and rose up to it, though the road
Shot suddenly downwards, not a whit dismayed:
Patiently resolute, what the stern hour
Demanded, that he was,—that Man, that Power.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

V. GETTYSBURG ODE

“It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion.”

GETTYSBURG ODE

Dedication of the National Monument, July 1, 1869

AFTER the eyes that looked, the lips that spake
Here, from the shadows of impending death,
Those words of solemn breath,
What voice may fitly break
The silence, doubly hallowed, left by him?
We can but bow the head, with eyes grown dim,
And, as a Nation's litany, repeat
The phrase his martyrdom hath made complete,
Noble as then, but now more sadly-sweet:
"Let us, the Living, rather dedicate
Ourselves to the unfinished work, which they
Thus far advanced so nobly on its way,
And save the perilled State!
Let us, upon this field where they, the brave,
Their last full measure of devotion gave,
Highly resolve they have not died in vain!—
That, under God, the Nation's later birth
Of Freedom, and the people's gain
Of their own Sovereignty, shall never wane
And perish from the circle of the earth!"
From such a perfect text, shall Song aspire
To light her faded fire,

GETTYSBURG ODE—[*Continued*]

And into wandering music turn
Its virtue, simple, sorrowful, and stern?
His voice all elegies anticipated;
 For, whatsoe'er the strain,
 We hear that one refrain:
"We consecrate ourselves to them, the Consecrated!"

After the thunder-storm our heaven is blue:
 Far-off, along the borders of the sky,
 In silver folds the clouds of battle lie,
With soft, consoling sunlight shining through;
And round the sweeping circle of your hills
 The crashing cannon-thrills
Have faded from the memory of the air;
And Summer pours from unexhausted fountains
 Her bliss on yonder mountains:
The camps are tenantless, the breastworks bare:
Earth keeps no stain where hero-blood was poured:
 The hornets, humming on their wings of lead,
 Have ceased to sting, their angry swarms are dead,
And, harmless in its scabbard, rusts the sword!

O, not till now,—O now we dare, at last,
 To give our heroes fitting consecration!
Not till the soreness of the strife is past,
 And Peace hath comforted the weary Nation!
So long her sad, indignant spirit held
One keen regret, one throb of pain, unquelled;



STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN BY DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
ON THE STATE CAPITOL GROUNDS, LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

GETTYSBURG ODE—[*Continued*]

So long the land about her feet was waste,
The ashes of the burning lay upon her.
We stood beside their graves with brows abased,
Waiting the purer mood to do them honour!
They, through the flames of this dread holocaust,
The patriot's wrath, the soldier's ardour lost:
They sit above us and above our passion,
.Disparaged even by our human tears,—
Beholding truth our race, perchance, may fashion
In the slow process of the creeping years.
We saw the still reproof upon their faces;
We heard them whisper from the shining spaces:
"To-day ye grieve: come not to us with sorrow!
Wait for the glad, the reconciled To-morrow!
Your grief but clouds the ether where we dwell;
Your anger keeps your souls and ours apart:
But come with peace and pardon, all is well!
And come with love, we touch you, heart to heart!"

Immortal Brothers, we have heard!
Our lips declare the reconciling word:
For Battle taught, that set us face to face,
The stubborn temper of the race,
And both, from fields no longer alien, come,
To grander action equally invited,—
Marshalled by Learning's trump, by Labour's drum,
In strife that purifies and makes united!

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

GETTYSBURG ODE—[*Continued*]

We force to build, the powers that would destroy;
The muscles, hardened by the sabre's grasp,

Now give our hands a firmer clasp:

We bring not grief to you, but solemn joy!

And, feeling you so near,

Look forward with your eyes, divinely clear,

To some sublimely-perfect, sacred year,

When sons of fathers whom ye overcame

Forget in mutual pride the partial blame,

And join with us, to set the final crown

Upon your dear renown,—

The People's Union in heart and name!

And yet, ye Dead!—and yet

Our clouded natures cling to one regret:

We are not all resigned

To yield, with even mind,

Our scarcely-risen stars, that here untimely set.

We needs must think of History that waits

For lines that live but in their proud beginning,—

Arrested promises and cheated fates,—

Youth's boundless venture and its single winning!

We see the ghosts of deeds they might have done,

The phantom homes that beacons their endeavour;

The seeds of countless lives in them begun,

That might have multiplied for us forever!

We grudge the better strain of men

That proved itself, and was extinguished then—

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

GETTYSBURG ODE—[*Continued*]

The field, with strength and hope so thickly sown,
Wherefrom no other harvest shall be mown:
For all the land, within its clasping seas,
Is poorer now in bravery and beauty,
Such wealth of manly loves and energies
Was given to teach us all the freeman's sacred duty!

Again 'tis they, the Dead,
By whom our hearts are comforted.
Deep as the land-blown murmurs of the waves
The answer cometh from a thousand graves:
"Not so! we are not orphaned by our fate!
Though life were warmest, and though love were sweetest,
We still have portion in their best estate:
Our fortune is the fairest and completest!
Our homes are everywhere: our loves are set
In hearts of man and woman, sweet and vernal:
Courage and Truth, the children we beget,
Unmixed of baser earth, shall be eternal.
A finer spirit in the blood shall give
The token of the lines wherein we live,—
Unselfish force, unconscious nobleness
That in the shocks of fortune stands unshaken,—
The hopes that in their very being bless,
The aspirations that to deeds awaken!
If aught of finer virtue ye allow
To us, that faith alone its like shall win you;

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

GETTYSBURG ODE—[*Continued*]

So, trust like ours shall ever lift the brow ;

And strength like ours shall ever steel the sinew !

We are the blossoms which the storm has cast
From the Spring promise of our Freedom's tree,
Pruning its overgrowths, that so, at last,

Its later fruit more bountiful shall be !—

Content, if, when the balm of Time assuages
The branch's hurt, some fragrance of our lives

In all the land survives,
And makes their memory sweet through still expanding
ages !”

Thus grandly, they we mourn, themselves console us ;

And, as their spirits conquer and control us,

We hear, from some high realm that lies beyond,

The hero-voices of the Past respond.

From every State that reached a broader right

Through fiery gates of battle ; from the shock

Of old invasions on the People's rock ;

From tribes that stood, in Kings' and Priests' despite ;

From graves forgotten in the Syrian sand,

Or nameless barrows of the Northern strand,

Or gorges of the Alps and Pyrenees,

Or the dark bowels of devouring seas,—

Wherever Man for Man's sake died,—wherever

Death stayed the march of upward-climbing feet,

Leaving their Present incomplete,

But through far Futures crowning their endeavour,—

GETTYSBURG ODE—[*Continued*]

Their ghostly voices to our ears are sent,
As when the high note of a trumpet wrings
 Æolian answers from the strings
Of many a mute, unfingered instrument!
Plataean cymbals thrill for us to-day;
The horns of Sempach in our echoes play,
And nearer yet, and sharper, and more stern,
The slogan rings that startled Bannockburn;
Till from the field, made green with kindred deed,
 The shields are clashed in exultation
 Above the dauntless Nation,
That for a Continent has fought its Runnymede!

Aye, for a Continent! The heart that beats
 With such rich blood of sacrifice
Shall, from the Tropics, drowsed with languid heats,
 To the blue ramparts of the Northern ice,
Make felt its pulses, all this young world over!—
 Shall thrill, and shake, and sway
Each land that bourgeons in the Western day,
Whatever flag may float, whatever shield may cover!
 With fuller manhood every wind is rife,
 In every soil are sown the seeds of valour;
Since out of death came forth such boundless life,
 Such ruddy beauty out of anguished pallor!
 And that first deed, along the Southern wave,
Spoiled not the sister-land, but lent an arm to save!

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

GETTYSBURG ODE—[*Continued*]

Now, in her seat secure,
Where distant menaces no more can reach her,
Our land, in undivided freedom pure,
Becomes the unwilling world's unconscious teacher;
And, day by day, beneath serener skies,
The unshaken pillars of her palace rise,—
The Doric shafts, that lightly upward press,
And hide in grace their giant massiveness.
And what though the sword has hewn each corner-
stone,
And precious blood cements the deep foundation!
Never by other force have empires grown;
From other basis never rose a nation!
For strength is born of struggle, faith of doubt,
Of discord law, and freedom of oppression:
We hail from Pisgah, with exulting shout,
The Promised Land below us, bright with sun,
And deem its pastures won,
Ere toil and blood have earned us their possession!
Each aspiration of our human earth
Becomes an act through keenest pangs of birth;
Each force, to bless, must cease to be a dream,
And conquer life through agony supreme;
Each inborn right must outwardly be tested
By stern material weapons, ere it stand
In the enduring fabric of the land,
Secured for these who yielded it, and those who wrested!

GETTYSBURG ODE—[*Continued*]

This they have done for us who slumber here,—

Awake, alive, though now so dumbly sleeping;

Spreading the board, but tasting not its cheer,

Sowing, but never reaping;—

Building, but never sitting in the shade

Of the strong mansion they have made;—

Speaking their word of life with mighty tongue,

But hearing not the echo, million-voiced,

Of brothers who rejoiced,

From all our river vales and mountains flung!

So take them, Heroes of the songful Past!

Open your ranks, let every shining troop

Its phantom banners droop,

To hail Earth's noblest martyrs, and her last!

Take them, O Fatherland!

Who, dying, conquered in thy name;

And, with a grateful hand,

Inscribe their deed who took away thy blame,—

Give, for their grandest all, thine insufficient fame!

Take them, O God! our Brave,

The glad fulfillers of Thy dread decree;

Who grasped the sword for Peace, and smote to save,

And, dying here for Freedom, also died for Thee!

BAYARD TAYLOR

VI. LINCOLN MOURNED

*"And you, the soldiers of our wars,
Bronzed veterans, grim with noble scars,
Salute him once again,
Your late commander—slain!"*

THE DEATH OF LINCOLN

O H, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just!
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
The sword of power, a nation's trust!

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
Amid the awe that hushes all,
And speak the anguish of a land
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bond are free:
We bear thee to an honoured grave,
Whose proudest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of Right.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Assassinated Good Friday, 1865

FORGIVE them, for they know not what they do!"
He said, and so went shriven to his fate,—
Unknowing went, that generous heart and true.

Even while he spoke the slayer lay in wait,
And when the morning opened Heaven's gate
There passed the whitest soul a nation knew.

Henceforth all thoughts of pardon are too late;
They, in whose cause that arm its weapon drew,
Have murdered Mercy. Now alone shall stand
Blind Justice, with the sword unsheathed she wore.

Hark, from the eastern to the western strand,
The swelling thunder of the people's roar:

What words they murmur,—Fetter not her hand!
So let it smite; such deeds shall be no more!

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

THE DEAD PRESIDENT

WERE there no crowns on earth,
No evergreen to weave a hero's wreath,
That he must pass beyond the gates of death,
Our hero, our slain hero, to be crowned?
Could there on our unworthy earth be found
Naught to befit his worth?

The noblest soul of all!
When was there ever, since our Washington,
A man so pure, so wise, so patient—one
Who walked with this high goal alone in sight,
To speak, to do, to sanction only Right,
Though very heaven should fall!

Ah, not for him we weep;
What honour more could be in store for him?
Who would have had him linger in our dim
And troublesome world, when his great work was
done—
Who would not leave that worn and weary one
Gladly to go to sleep?

For us the stroke was just;
We were not worthy of that patient heart;

THE DEAD PRESIDENT—[*Continued*]

We might have helped him more, not stood apart,
And coldly criticised his works and ways—
Too late now, all too late—our little praise
Sounds hollow o'er his dust.

Be merciful, O our God!
Forgive the meanness of our human hearts,
That never, till a noble soul departs,
See half the worth, or hear the angel's wings
Till they go rustling heavenward as he springs
Up from the mounded sod.

Yet what a deathless crown
Of Northern pine and Southern orange-flower,
For victory, and the land's new bridal hour,
Would we have wreathed for that beloved brow!
Sadly upon his sleeping forehead now
We lay our cypress down.

O martyred one, farewell!
Thou hast not left thy people quite alone,
Out of thy beautiful life there comes a tone
Of power, of love, of trust, a prophecy,
Whose fair fulfilment all the earth shall be,
And all the future tell.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

LINCOLN

LINCOLN! When men would name a man,
Just, unperturbed, magnanimous,
Tried in the lowest seat of all,
Tried in the chief seat of the house—

Lincoln! When men would name a man
Who wrought the great work of his age,
Who fought and fought the noblest fight,
And marshalled it from stage to stage,

Victorious, out of dusk and dark,
And into dawn and on till day,
Most humble when the pæans rang,
Least rigid when the enemy lay

Prostrated for his feet to tread—
This name of Lincoln will they name,
A name revered, a name of scorn,
Of scorn to sundry, not to fame.

Lincoln, the man who freed the slave;
Lincoln, whom never self enticed;
Slain Lincoln, worthy found to die
A soldier of his Captain, Christ.

ANONYMOUS

Macmillan's Magazine,
London, 1865.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

An Horation Ode

NOT as when some great Captain falls
In battle, where his Country calls,
Beyond the struggling lines
That push his dread designs

To doom, by some stray ball struck dead:
Or, in the last charge, at the head
Of his determined men,
Who *must* be victors then.

Nor as when sink the civic great,
The safer pillars of the State,
Whose calm, mature, wise words
Suppress the need of swords.

With no such tears as e'er were shed
Above the noblest of our dead
Do we to-day deplore
The Man that is no more.

Our sorrow hath a wider scope,
Too strange for fear, too vast for hope,
A wonder, blind and dumb,
That waits—what is to come!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

Not more astounded had we been
If Madness, that dark night, unseen,
 Had in our chambers crept,
 And murdered while we slept!

We woke to find a mourning earth,
Our Lares shivered on the hearth,
 The roof-tree fallen, all
 That could affright, appal!

Such thunderbolts, in other lands,
Have smitten the rod from royal hands,
 But spared, with us, till now,
 Each laurelled Cæsar's brow.

No Cæsar he whom we lament,
A Man without a precedent,
 Sent, it would seem, to do
 His work, and perish, too.

Not by the weary cares of State,
The endless tasks, which will not wait,
 Which, often done in vain,
 Must yet be done again:

Not in the dark, wild tide of war,
Which rose so high, and rolled so far,
 Sweeping from sea to sea
 In awful anarchy:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

Four fateful years of mortal strife,
Which slowly drained the nation's life,
 (Yet for each drop that ran
 There sprang an armed man!)

Not then; but when, by measures meet,
By victory, and by defeat,
 By courage, patience, skill,
 The people's fixed "*We Will!*"

Had pierced, had crushed Rebellion dead,
Without a hand, without a head,
 At last, when all was well,
 He fell, O how he fell!

The time, the place, the stealing shape,
The coward shot, the swift escape,
 The wife, the widow's scream—
 It is a hideous dream!

A dream! What means this pageant, then?
These multitudes of solemn men,
 Who speak not when they meet,
 But throng the silent street?

The flags half-mast that late so high
Flaunted at each new victory?
 (The stars no brightness shed,
 But bloody looks the red!)

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

The black festoons that stretch for miles,
And turn the streets to funeral aisles?
 (No house too poor to show
 The nation's badge of wo.)

The cannon's sudden, sullen boom,
The bells that toll of death and doom,
 The rolling of the drums,
 The dreadful car that comes?

Cursed be the hand that fired the shot,
The frenzied brain that hatched the plot,
 Thy Country's Father slain
 By thee, thou worse than Cain!

Tyrants have fallen by such as thou,
'And good hath followed—may it now!
 (God lets bad instruments
 Produce the best events.)

But he, the man we mourn to-day,
No tyrant was: so mild a sway
 In one such weight who bore
 Was never known before.

Cool should he be, of balanced powers,
The ruler of a race like ours,
 Impatient, headstrong, wild,
 The Man to guide the Child,

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

And this *he* was, who most unfit
(So hard the sense of God to hit)
Did seem to fill his place.
With such a homely face,

Such rustic manners, speech uncouth,
(That somehow blundered out the truth)
Untried, untrained to bear
The more than kingly care.

Ay! And his genius put to scorn
The proudest in the purple born,
Whose wisdom never grew
To what, untaught, he knew,

The People, of whom he was one.
No gentleman, like Washington
(Whose bones, methinks, make room,
To have him in their tomb!)

A labouring man, with horny hands,
Who swung the axe, who tilled his lands,
Who shrank from nothing new,
But did as poor men do.

One of the People! Born to be
Their curious epitome;
To share yet rise above
Their shifting hate and love.

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

Common his mind (it seemed so then)
His thoughts the thoughts of other men:
Plain were his words, and poor,
But now they will endure!

No hasty fool, of stubborn will,
But prudent, cautious, pliant still;
Who since his work was good
Would do it as he could.

Doubting, was not ashamed to doubt,
And, lacking prescience, went without:
Often appeared to halt,
And was, of course, at fault;

Heard all opinions, nothing loath,
And, loving both sides, angered both:
Was—*not* like Justice, blind,
But watchful, clement, kind.

No hero this of Roman mould,
Nor like our stately sires of old:
Perhaps he was not great,
But he preserved the State!

O honest face, which all men knew!
O tender heart, but known to few!
O wonder of the age,
Cut off by tragic rage!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

Peace! Let the long procession come,
For, hark, the mournful, muffled drum,
The trumpet's wail afar,
And see, the awful car!

Peace! Let the sad procession go,
While cannon boom and bells toll slow,
And go, thou sacred car,
Bearing our wo afar!

Go, darkly borne, from State to State,
Whose loyal, sorrowing cities wait
To honour all they can
The dust of that good man.

Go, grandly borne, with such a train
As greatest kings might die to gain.
The just, the wise, the brave,
Attend thee to the grave.

And you, the soldiers of our wars,
Bronzed veterans, grim with noble scars,
Salute him once again,
Your late commander—slain!

Yes, let your tears indignant fall,
But leave your muskets on the wall;
Your country needs you now
Beside the forge—the plough.

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

(When Justice shall unsheathe her brand,
If Mercy may not stay her hand,
Nor would we have it so,
She must direct the blow.)

'And you, amid the master-race,
Who seem so strangely out of place,
Know ye who cometh? He
Who hath declared ye free.

Bow while the body passes—nay,
Fall on your knees and weep, and pray!
Weep, weep—I would ye might—
Your poor black faces white!

'And, children, you must come in bands,
With garlands in your little hands,
Of blue and white and red,
To strew before the dead.

So sweetly, sadly, sternly goes
The Fallen to his last repose.
Beneath no mighty dome,
But in his modest home;

The churchyard where his children rest,
The quiet spot that suits him best,
There shall his grave be made,
And there his bones be laid.

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

And there his countrymen shall come,
With memory proud, with pity dumb,
And strangers far and near,
For many and many a year.

For many a year and many an age,
While History on her ample page
The virtues shall enrol
Of that Paternal Soul.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Foully assassinated, April 14, 1865

YOU lay a wreath on murdered LINCOLN's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,
His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please.

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were plain:
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain.

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurril-jester, is there room for *you*?

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil and confute my pen—
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

My shallow judgement I had learnt to rue,
 Noting how to occasion's height he rose,
How his quaint wit made home-truths seem more true,
 How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble yet how hopeful he could be:
 How in good fortune and in ill the same:
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
 Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
 Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
 Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace com-
 mand;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
 That God makes instruments to work His will,
If but that will we can contrive to know,
 Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
 That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
 His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting might—

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
 The iron-bark, that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
 The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,
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ABRAHAM LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear—

Such were the needs that helped his youth to train:
Rough culture—but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it: four long-suffering years'
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood:
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,—
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-labouring limbs were laid to rest!

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame!
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high,
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like CAIN's, stands darkly out,

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven;
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven!
TOM TAYLOR

"Punch," London, May 6, 1865.

In reference to the long controversy over the authorship of the foregoing famous recantation—which crops out periodically even to this day—it may be interesting to those who have not seen the book *Shirley Brooks of Punch*, by George Somes Layard (Henry Holt & Co., 1907), to hear that he has quite authoritatively settled the question. This he was asked to do when he undertook the work. Pages 241-247 adequately cover the matter. For those to whom the book may not be accessible, the following quotations are made:

From Shirley's diary of May 10, 1865, p. 245:

"Dined *Punch*, all there. Let out my views against some verses on Lincoln in which T. T. (Tom Taylor) had not only made *Punch* eat umbles pie but swallow dish and all. P. L. (Percival Leigh) and J. T. (John Tenniel) with me."

Mr. Layard comments on the above: "So there was the answer to the burning question in Shirley's own handwriting. So far, indeed, from being the writer of the verses, he most heartily condemned their publication."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

On p. 247 this: "Later Mr. Silver (secretary of the *Punch* club) at my request looked up his record of the aforesaid *Punch* dinner and found the following:

"Shirley protests against Tom Taylor's lines on Lincoln. '*Punch* has not been blind and shallow,' he declared indignantly, 'and even if it had, we ought not to own it. Would you have written the lines, Leigh?'

"'I! No, I should think not, indeed,' says Leigh. Thereupon Mark Lemon totally disagrees with them both.

"'The avowal,' he says, 'that we have been a bit mistaken is manly and just.'"

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we
sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exult-
ing,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and
daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle
trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores
a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!—[*Continued*]

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and
done,

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object
won;

Exult O shores, and ring O bells!

But I with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

WALT WHITMAN

HUSH'D BE THE CAMPS TO-DAY

HUSH'D be the camps to-day,
And, soldiers, let us drape our war-worn weapons,
And each with musing soul retire to celebrate
Our dear commander's death.

No more for him life's stormy conflicts,
Nor victory, nor defeat—no more time's dark events,
Charging like ceaseless clouds across the sky.

But sing, poet, in our name,
Sing of the love we bore him—because you, dweller in
camps, know it truly.

As they invault the coffin there,
Sing—as they close the doors of earth upon him—one
verse,
For the heavy hearts of soldiers.

WALT WHITMAN

THIS DUST WAS ONCE THE MAN

THIS dust was once the man,
Gentle, plain, just and resolute, under whose cau-
tious hand,
Against the foulest crime in history known in any land
or age,
Was saved the Union of these States.

WALT WHITMAN

WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOORYARD BLOOM'D

WHEN lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd,
And the great star early droop'd in the western
sky in the night,
I mourn'd, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning
spring.

Ever-returning spring, trinity sure to me you bring,
Lilac blooming perennial and drooping star in the west,
And thought of him I love.

O powerful western fallen star!
O shades of night—O moody, tearful night!
O great star disappear'd—O the black murk that hides
the star!
O cruel hands that hold me powerless—O helpless soul
of me!
O harsh surrounding cloud that will not free my soul.

In the dooryard fronting an old farm-house near the
white-wash'd palings,
Stands the lilac bush tall-growing with heart-shaped leaves
of rich green,
With many a pointed blossom rising delicate, with the
perfume strong I love,
With every leaf a miracle—and from this bush in the
dooryard,

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOORYARD BLOOM'D—

[*Continued*]

With delicate-colour'd blossoms and heart-shaped leaves
of rich green,

A sprig with its flower I break.

In the swamp in secluded recesses,
A shy and hidden bird is warbling a song.

Solitary the thrush,
The hermit withdrawn to himself, avoiding the settle-
ments,
Sings by himself a song.

Song of the bleeding throat,
Death's outlet song of life, (for well dear brother I know,
If thou wast not granted to sing thou wouldst surely die.)

Over the breast of the spring, the land, amid cities,
Amid lanes and through old woods, where lately the vio-
lets peep'd from the ground, spotting the grey
débris,

Amid the grass in the fields each side of the lanes, pass-
ing the endless grass,

Passing the yellow-spear'd wheat, every grain from its
shroud in the dark-brown fields uprisen,

Passing the apple-tree blows of white and pink in the
orchards,

Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest in the grave,
Night and day journeys a coffin.

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOORYARD BLOOM'D—

[*Continued*]

Coffin that passes through lanes and streets,
Through day and night with the great cloud darkening
the land,
With the pomp of the inloop'd flags with the cities draped
in black,
With the show of the States themselves as of crape-veil'd
women standing,
With processions long and winding and the flambeaus of
the night,
With the countless torches lit, with the silent sea of
faces and the unbared heads,
With the waiting depot, the arriving coffin, and the sombre
faces,
With dirges through the night, with the thousand voices
rising strong and solemn,
With all the mournful voices of the dirges pour'd around
the coffin,
The dim-lit churches and the shuddering organs—where
amid these you journey,
With the tolling tolling bells' perpetual clang.
Here, coffin that slowly passes,
I give you my sprig of lilac.

(Nor for you, for one alone,
Blossoms and branches green to coffins all I bring,
For fresh as the morning, thus would I chant a song for
you O sane and sacred death.

WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOORYARD BLOOM'D—

[*Continued*]

All over bouquets of roses,
O death, I cover you over with roses and early lilies,
But mostly and now the lilac that blooms the first,
Copious I break, I break the sprigs from the bushes,
With loaded arms I come, pouring for you,
For you and the coffins all of you O death.)

O western orb sailing the heaven,
Now I know what you must have meant as a month since
 I walk'd,
As I walk'd in silence the transparent shadowy night,
As I saw you had something to tell as you bent to me night
 after night,
As you droop'd from the sky low down as if to my side,
 (while the other stars all look'd on,)
As we wander'd together the solemn night, (for something
 I know not what kept me from sleep,)
As the night advanced, and I saw on the rim of the west
 how full you were of wo,
As I stood on the rising ground in the breeze in the cool
 transparent night,
As I watch'd where you pass'd and was lost in the nether-
 ward black of the night,
As my soul in its trouble dissatisfied sank, as where you
 sad orb,
Concluded, dropt in the night, and was gone.

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOORYARD BLOOM'D—

[*Continued*]

Sing on there in the swamp,
O singer bashful and tender, I hear your notes, I hear
 your call,
I hear, I come presently, I understand you,
But a moment I linger, for the lustrous star has detain'd
 me,
The star my departing comrade holds and detains me.

O how shall I warble myself for the dead one there I
 loved?
And how shall I deck my song for the large sweet soul
 that has gone?
And what shall my perfume be for the grave of him I love?

Sea-winds blown from east and west,
Blown from the Eastern sea and blown from the Western
 sea, till there on the prairies meeting,
These and with these and the breath of my chant,
I'll perfume the grave of him I love.

O what shall I hang on the chamber walls?
And what shall the pictures be that I hang on the walls,
To adorn the burial-house of him I love?

Pictures of growing spring and farms and homes,
With the Fourth-month eve at sundown, and the grey
 smoke lucid and bright,

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOORYARD BLOOM'D—

[Continued]

With floods of the yellow gold of the gorgeous, indolent,
sinking sun, burning, expanding the air,
With the fresh sweet herbage under foot, and the pale
green leaves of the trees prolific,
In the distance the flowing glaze, the breast of the river,
with a wind-dapple here and there,
With ranging hills on the banks, with many a line against
the sky, and shadows,
And the city at hand with dwellings so dense, and stacks
of chimneys,
And all the scenes of life and the workshops, and the
workmen homeward returning.

Lo, body and soul—this land,
My own Manhattan with spires, and the sparkling and
hurrying tides, and the ships,
The varied and ample land, the South and the North in
the light, Ohio's shores and flashing Missouri,
And ever the far-spreading prairies cover'd with grass
and corn.

Lo, the most excellent sun so calm and haughty,
The violet and purple morn with just-felt breezes,
The gentle soft-born measureless light,
The miracle spreading bathing all, the fulfill'd noon,
The coming eve delicious, the welcome night and the stars,
Over my cities shining all, enveloping man and land.

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WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOORYARD BLOOM'D—

[*Continued*]

Sing on, sing on you grey-brown bird,
Sing from the swamps, the recesses, pour your chant from
the bushes,

Limitless out of the dusk, out of the cedars and pines.

Sing on dearest brother, warble your reedy song,
Loud human song, with voice of uttermost wo.

O liquid and free and tender!

O wild and loose to my soul—O wondrous singer!

You only I hear—yet the star holds me, (but will soon
depart,)

Yet the lilac with mastering odour holds me.

Now while I sat in the day and look'd forth,

In the close of the day with its light and the fields of
spring, and the farmers preparing their crops,

In the large unconscious scenery of my land with its lakes
and forests,

In the heavenly aerial beauty, (after the perturb'd winds
and the storms,)

Under the arching heavens of the afternoon swift passing,
and the voices of children and women,

The many-moving sea-tides, and I saw the ships how they
sail'd,

And the summer approaching with richness, and the fields
all busy with labour,

WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOORYARD BLOOM'D—

[*Continued*]

And the infinite separate houses, how they all went on,
each with its meals and minutia of daily usages,
And the streets how their throbbings throb'd, and the
cities pent—lo, then and there,
Falling upon them all and among them all, enveloping
me with the rest,
Appear'd the cloud, appear'd the long black trail,
And I knew death, its thought, and the sacred knowledge
of death.

Then with the knowledge of death as walking one side
of me,
And the thought of death close-walking the other side of
me,
And I in the middle as with companions, and as holding
the hands of companions,
I fled forth to the hiding receiving night that talks not,
Down to the shores of the water, the path by the swamp
in the dimness,
To the solemn shadowy cedars and ghostly pines so still.

And the singer so shy to the rest receiv'd me,
The grey-brown bird I know receiv'd us comrades three,
And he sang the carol of death, and a verse for him I love.

From deep secluded recesses,
From the fragrant cedars and the ghostly pines so still,
Came the carol of the bird.

WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOORYARD BLOOM'D—

[Continued]

And the charm of the carol rapt me,
And I held as if by their hands my comrades in the night,
And the voice of my spirit tallied the song of the bird.

*Come lovely and soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later delicate death.*

*Prais'd be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious,
And for love, sweet love—but praise! praise! praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death.*

*Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?
Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all,
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come,
come unfalteringly.*

*Approach strong deliveress,
When it is so, when thou hast taken them I joyously sing
the dead,
Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee,
Loved in the flood of thy bliss, O death.*

*From me to thee glad serenades,
Dances for thee I propose saluting thee, adornments and
feastings for thee,*

WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOORYARD BLOOM'D—

[Continued]

*And the sights of the open landscape and the high-spread
sky are fitting,*

And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night.

The night in silence under many a star,

*The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave whose
voice I know,*

And the soul turning to thee O vast and well-veil'd death,

And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.

Over the tree-tops I float thee a song,

*Over the rising and sinking waves, over the myriad fields
and the prairies wide,*

*Over the dense-pack'd cities all and the teeming wharves
and ways,*

I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee O death.

To the tally of my soul,

Loud and strong kept up the grey-brown bird,

With pure deliberate notes spreading filling the night.

Loud in the pines and cedars dim,

Clear in the freshness moist and the swamp-perfume,

And I with my comrades there in the night.

While my sight that was bound in my eyes unclosed,

As to long panoramas of visions.

WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOORYARD BLOOM'D—

[*Continued*]

And I saw askant the armies,
I saw as in noiseless dreams hundreds of battle-flags,
Borne through the smoke of the battles and pierc'd with
missiles I saw them,
And carried hither and yon through the smoke, and torn
and bloody,
And at last but a few shreds left on the staffs, (and all in
silence,)

And the staffs all splinter'd and broken.

I saw battle-corpses, myriads of them,
And the white skeletons of young men, I saw them,
I saw the débris and débris of all the slain soldiers of the
war,

But I saw they were not as was thought,
They themselves were fully at rest, they suffer'd not,
The living remain'd and suffer'd, the mother suffer'd,
And the wife and the child and the musing comrade suffer'd,

And the armies that remain'd suffer'd.

Passing the visions, passing the night,
Passing, unloosing the hold of my comrades' hands,
Passing the song of the hermit bird and the tallying song
of my soul,

Victorious song, death's outlet song, yet varying ever-al-
tering song,

As low and wailing, yet clear the notes, rising and falling,
flooding the night,

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOORYARD BLOOM'D—

[*Continued*]

Sadly sinking and fainting, as warning and warning, and
yet again bursting with joy,
Covering the earth and filling the spread of heaven,
As that powerful psalm in the night I heard from recesses,
Passing, I leave thee lilac with heart-shaped leaves,
I leave thee there in the dooryard, blooming, returning
with spring.

I cease from my song for thee,
From my gaze on thee in the west, fronting the west, com-
muning with thee,
O comrade lustrous with silver face in the night.

Yet each to keep and all, retrievements out of the night,
The song, the wondrous chant of the grey-brown bird,
And the tallying chant, the echo arous'd in my soul,
With the lustrous and drooping star with the countenance
full of wo,
With the holders holding my hand nearing the call of
the bird,
Comrades mine and I in the midst, and their memory ever
to keep, for the dead I loved so well,
For the sweetest, wisest soul of all my days and lands—
and this for his dear sake,
Lilac and star and bird twined with the chant of my soul,
There in the fragrant pines and the cedars dusk and dim.

WALT WHITMAN

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WALT WHITMAN'S SPRIG OF LILAC

"When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd"—W. W.

ONCE more, O heart, caress this humble bush
And swing thy gates to gleam of western star,
To haunting lure of perfume calling far,
When falls the cool of fourth-month evening hush.
Dare I intrust thy strength, O mem'ry rush,
To cleanly leap each self-love ling'ring bar
Athwart thy wonted path lest it should mar
That distant song of solemn, plaintive thrush?
Ah, wide the miles and deep the flood of years,
Yet hour, and star, and bush are still the same!
Behold, great love this lilac sprig to fame
Has linked; these dripping gems, a poet's tears!
O Whitman, see, another spirit hears
And plucks a flower in thy loved Lincoln's name!

EDMOND S. MEANY

MEMORIES OF WHITMAN AND LINCOLN

“When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom’d”—W. W.

LILACS shall bloom for Walt Whitman
And lilacs for Abraham Lincoln.
Spring hangs in the dew of the dooryards
These memories—these memories—
They hang in the dew for the bard who fetched
A sprig of them once for his brother
When he lay cold and dead. . . .
And forever now when America leans in the dooryard
And over the hills Spring dances,
Smell of lilacs and sight of lilacs shall bring to her heart
these brothers. . . .
Lilacs shall bloom for Walt Whitman
And lilacs for Abraham Lincoln.

Who are the shadow forms crowding the night?
What shadows of men?
The stilled star-night is high with these brooding spirits—
Their shoulders rise on the Earth-rim, and they are great
presences in heaven—
They move through the stars like outlined winds in young
maples.
Lilacs bloom for Walt Whitman
And lilacs for Abraham Lincoln.

MEMORIES OF WHITMAN AND LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

Deeply the nation throbs with a world's anguish—
But it sleeps, and I on the housetops
Commune with souls long dead who guard our land at
 midnight,
A strength in each hushed heart—
I seem to hear the Atlantic moaning on our shores with
 the plaint of the dying,
And rolling on our shores with the rumble of battle. . . .
I seem to see my country growing golden toward Cali-
 fornia,
And, as fields of daisies, a people, with slumbering, up-
 turned faces
Leaned over by Two Brothers,
And the greatness that is gone.

Lilacs shall bloom for Walt Whitman
And lilacs for Abraham Lincoln.

Spring runs over the land,
A young girl, light-footed, eager, . . .
For I hear a song that is faint and sweet with first love,
Out of the West, fresh with the grass and the timber,
But dreamily soothing the sleepers. . . .
I listen: I drink it deep.

Softly the Spring sings,
Softly and clearly:

MEMORIES OF WHITMAN AND LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

*"I open lilacs for the beloved,
Lilacs for the lost, the dead.
And, see, for the living, I bring sweet strawberry
blossoms,
And I bring buttercups, and I bring to the woods
anemones and blue bells. . . .
I open lilacs for the beloved,
And when my fluttering garment drifts through dusty
cities,
And blows on hills, and brushes the inland sea,
Over you, sleepers, over you, tired sleepers,
A fragrant memory falls. . . .
I open love in the shut heart,
I open lilacs for the beloved."*

Lilacs bloom for Walt Whitman
And lilacs for Abraham Lincoln.

Was that the Spring that sang, opening locked hearts,
And is remembrance mine?
For I know these two great shadows in the spacious night,
Shadows folding America close between them,
Close to the heart. . . .
And I know my own lost youth grew up blessedly in their
spirit,
And how the morning song of the mighty native bard
Sent me out from my dreams to the living America,
To the chanting seas, to the piney hills, down the railroad
vistas,

MEMORIES OF WHITMAN AND LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

Out into the streets of Manhattan when the whistles blew
at seven,

Down to the mills of Pittsburgh and the rude faces of
labour. . . .

And I know the grave great music of that other,
Music in which lost armies sang requiems,
And the vision of that gaunt, that great and solemn figure,
And the graven face, the deep eyes, the mouth,
O human-hearted brother,
Dedicated anew my undevoted heart
To America, my land.

Lilacs bloom for Walt Whitman
And lilacs for Abraham Lincoln.

Now in this hour I was suppliant to these two brothers,
And I said: Your land has need:
Half-awakened and blindly we grope in the great
world. . . .

What strength may we take from our Past, what promise
hold for our Future?

And the one brother leaned and whispered:

"I put my strength in a book,
And in that book my love. . . .
This, with my love, I give to America. . . ."

And the other brother leaned and murmured:

"I put my strength in a life,
And in that life my love,
This, with my love, I give to America."

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

MEMORIES OF WHITMAN AND LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

Lilacs bloom for Walt Whitman
And lilacs for Abraham Lincoln.

Then my heart sang out: This strength shall be our
strength:

Yea, when the great hour comes, and the sleepers wake
and are hurled back,

And creep down into themselves,
There shall they find Walt Whitman
And there, Abraham Lincoln.

O Spring, go over this land with much singing
And open the lilacs everywhere,
Open them out with the old-time fragrance
Making a people remember that something has been for-
gotten,
Something is hidden deep—strange memories—strange
memories—

Of him that brought a sprig of the purple cluster
To him that was mourned of all. . . .
And so they are linked together
While yet America lives. . . .

While yet America lives, my heart,
Lilacs shall bloom for Walt Whitman
And lilacs for Abraham Lincoln.

JAMES OPPENHEIM

ABRAHAM LINCOLN ASSASSINATED

A BRAHAM LINCOLN, the kind and good President of the United States, has been assassinated, and amongst all the news of startling import which reaches us this week—the death of the amiable Czarowitz of Russia, the uncertain state of the health of the king of the Belgians, the assassination of the assistant secretary of the Russian legation at Paris, the capitulation of his army by General Lee, and the confession of the murder of her little brother, five years ago, by Constance Kent—that is the one subject which engrosses public attention and occupies the minds of all thinking men. A full account, so far as it has yet reached us, of the assassination of the President will be found in another column. Let us briefly recapitulate a few of the events which have been hurrying forward with such terrific rapidity in the United States within the last few weeks, and drop a tear to the memory of a man who, in circumstances of unparalleled difficulty, did as much for his country as any of his predecessors in the high office which he held—Washington or Adams, Jefferson or Madison, Monroe or Quincy Adams, Jackson or Van Buren, Harrison or Tyler, Polk or Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, or Buchanan; and these names constitute the whole of the men who have presided over the United

ABRAHAM LINCOLN ASSASSINATED—[*Continued*]

States of North America since their government was fairly established on its present basis in 1789.

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LINCOLN was, withal, so good a man; his country looked to him so earnestly in her hour of need; his patriotism was so great; his honesty so sterling; his clemency so marked; his piety so pure; his firmness so inexhaustible, that none but miscreants such as these could have entertained for a moment the atrocious idea of a crime like this. In the magnificent language of Macbeth, when soliloquising upon the proposed murder of the gentle Duncan—

“He hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked, new-born babe,
Striding the blast, on Heaven’s cherubim horsed,
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.”

The above extract from the *West Surrey Times*, April 29, 1865, and the following group of poems from England, France and Italy, were found in “The Appendix to the Diplomatic Correspondence, 1865.” This large octavo volume, fine print, contains only the “sentiments of condolence and sympathy” from foreign countries. Representatives of the governments of all countries, and many organisa-

tions and private individuals, sent condolences to the United States and to Mrs. Lincoln at this time of national and personal bereavement.

The few messages in poetic form are reprinted here for the new significance they take on, now that we are more strongly than ever allied with these great nations in the present war for World Freedom.

W. GRAY TO AMBASSADOR ADAMS

Abington Terrace,
Northampton, May 19, 1865.

RESPECTED SIR:

Your well known courtesy encourages me to forward the enclosed lines to you, at the request of an invalid sister, whose composition they are, as a tribute to the memory of that great and good man, your late President.

If it would not be out of place, and should meet with your approbation, my sister desires you would enclose them in your future despatches for Mrs. Lincoln, with a sincere hope that they may afford her some comfort in her heavy affliction. Trusting you will pardon the liberty I have taken,

I remain your most obedient servant,

WILLIAM GRAY

C. F. ADAMS, Esq.,

United States Ambassador.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A NATION—nor one only—mourns thy loss,
Brave Lincoln, and with voice unanimous
Raises to thy deathless memory
A dirge-like song of all thy noble deeds.
High let it rise; and I, too, fain would add
A loving tribute to thy priceless worth,
More widely known since banished from the earth.

Laurel shall now thy brow entwine
In memory's ever faithful shrine;
Nor shall it fade when earth dissolves.
Caught up to meet thee in the air,
Old age and youth shall bless thee there;
Love shall her grateful tribute pay,
Nor cease through heaven's eternal day.

GRACE W. GRAY

Northampton, England.

THE LATE PRESIDENT LINCOLN

*Resolution passed at the ordinary meeting of the Albert
Literary Society*

AT the ordinary meeting of the Albert Literary Society, on the 4th instant, held at the Royal Institution, Colquitt Street, Mr. G. H. Ball in the chair, the following resolution was proposed by Mr. A. B. Hayward, the vice-president, seconded by Mr. E. J. Parr, the treasurer, and carried unanimously:

“That this society record its deep horror of the enormous crime which has deprived the American people of their Chief Magistrate, and tender to the late President Lincoln’s family, and the nation at large, its sincere sympathy, and also its appreciation of his singular ability, rare integrity, and progressive spirit.”

WILLIAM EVANS,
Hon. Secretary.

Liverpool, May 5, 1865.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

SIC semper tyrannis!" the assassin cried,
As Lincoln fell. O villain! who than he
More lived to set both slave and tyrant free,
Or so enrapt with plans of freedom died,
That even thy treacherous deed shall glance aside
And do the dead man's will by land and sea;
Win bloodless battles, and make that to be
Which to his living mandate was denied!
Peace to that gentle heart! The peace he sought
For all mankind, nor for it dies in vain.
Rest to the uncrowned king who, toiling, brought
His bleeding country through that dreadful reign;
Who, living, earn'd a world's revering thought,
And, dying, leaves his name without a stain.

ROBERT LEIGHTON

Liverpool, May, 1865.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. ABRAHAM LINCOLN

*President of the republic of the United States of America,
May, 1865*

Translation

THE works of Satan fill the earth with pain;
The world is now mourning one of his wicked deeds.
Who has not heard of his last exploit?
The news is carried by the tolling of a bell.
Public welfare now demands that we be all united;
Let feelings of jealousy be laid aside;
We only think of saving our country.

Free and noble children of America!
The hero of the great republic is no more;
He who, when in danger, saved its flag!
Washington will receive him as a brother,
But the world will mourn him more than Washington.
The universe will sing a hymn,
And say he went down a martyr to the tomb.

When the madman in his fury struck the sage,
The human race was shocked with horror and remorse.
Why should just men tolerate such fiends among them?
If such men were less common now, in France,
We would ne'er regret so many crimes.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. ABRAHAM LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

God cries in His anger, vengeance;
Justice wants another bloody sacrifice,
And Lincoln fell, the victim of innocence.
Like Christ, like Brown, he was a martyr.
He died to save his country and to free the blacks.
Now his holy reign is over,
Forget him not, ye generous sons of Ham.

Let us now look up to heaven,
And ask his immortal soul,
Freed from the trammels of the flesh,
If his work was not perfect.
The world moves on, and men rejoice
That freedom is restored to all.
Some may not bless him now;
But e'er they die they'll see the good he did,
And praise him.

AUGUSTE L'ALLOUX

Former interpreter of Dupetit-Thouars, Braut and Hamlin, Bachelor of Arts, professor of English, first primary free teacher, 38 Chaussée du Maine, Paris.

J. C. LUSINE TO MESSRS. SEWARD

Translation

GENTLEMEN: There are names which explain the condition of a country, and Mr. Lincoln's is one of them. The illustrious citizen who protested against slavery and assassination has fallen a victim to fanaticism.

In dedicating this day a *sprig of anemone* to the memory of your glorious martyr, thus joining in the prayers of thousands, be assured that my heart also protests against assassination, whatever may be its motive, and particularly against that of which you yourselves, together with your friends, came near being the victims.

Mr. Lincoln placed entire confidence in you, gentlemen, and you may believe that a poor French workingman feels intense satisfaction in your speedy recovery, because he sees in it a determination on your part to finish the task begun by President Lincoln, and to attend more devotedly to the cause of the slaves liberated by your blood and his.

May peace hereafter preside over your noble efforts.

J. C. LUSINE,

No 26, Bernard Street, Paris.

Enclosed is a printed sonnet taken from the *Phare de la Loire*, May 2, 1865, entitled: *Un Rameau d'Immortelle*.

UN RAMEAU D'IMMORTELLE

L INCOLN, grand citoyen, fils de la liberté,
Intègre magistrat, vertu digne d'Homère;
Toi qui n'oubliais point ton berceau ni ta mère,
Gloire de l'Amérique et de l'humanité!

Ton devoir est rempli : Ton ombre avec fierté
Voir l'esclavage en vain quêter un victimaire,
Il n'a pris que ton corps ; le crime est éphémère. . . .
Ton œuvre à toi s'envole à l'immortalité !

Aussi, comme une femme au fruit de ses entrailles,
Le Sud au Nord uni pleure à tes funérailles :
Ton sang dicte la paix au peuple fier géant !

Reçois donc, ô martyr de la liberté sainte,
Des travailleurs français dans le deuil et la plainte :
Un rameau d'immortelle à travers l'océan !

J. C. LUSINE,

Employé, ancien ouvrier relieur.

28 avril 1865.

PAUL THOUZERY TO MR. BIGELOW AND TO
PRESIDENT JOHNSON

Translation

Paris, May 20, 1865.

SIR: I have the honour of sending you with this letter several copies of an ode I have composed in honour of Abraham Lincoln, and two letters, one for the widow of the great man, and the other for Mr. Johnson, now President of the United States.

I shall be infinitely obliged to you if you will send them to their destinations in the shortest possible time.

You will also do me the favour to fix a day when I may have a brief interview with you.

Accept my sympathy for your glorious country, and the assurance of my most distinguished consideration.

PAUL THOUZERY

To MR. BIGELOW,

*Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of
America.*

Translation

Paris, May 20, 1865.

MR. PRESIDENT: To one whom Abraham Lincoln loved and associated with him in his great work, I send an ode addressed to the memory of that great man.

[191]

PAUL THOUZERY TO PRESIDENT JOHNSON—[*Continued*]

May my verses find an echo in every American heart!
May your worthy citizens aid you in the labour you have
undertaken! You only were worthy to succeed Lincoln.

The ode I send you to-day will prove, I hope, that the
sympathy of the world is with you.

To eulogise the dead in the presence of the living is
honouring the latter, by showing them that we confide in
their genius and their impartiality.

I am, with respect, Mr. President, your humble ad-
mirer,

PAUL THOUZERY

To MR. JOHNSON,

President of the United States of America.

ODE

À ABRAHAM LINCOLN

I

OUI, ce n'est que trop vrai, la fatale nouvelle,
Dont eût voulu douter notre raison rebelle,
S'est confirmée, et tout nous peint son affreux sort;
Et les peuples tremblants, dans l'un et l'autre monde,
Sentant leur coeur saisi d'une douleur profonde,
Disent en pleurs: *Lincoln est mort!*

Il est mort, ce héros digne des temps antiques!
Que ne puis-je aujourd'hui, dans des chants homériques,
[192]

ODE—[*Continued*]

Apprendre à l'univers quels furent ses bienfaits,
Rappeler ses vertus, parler de sa sagesse!
Il vous a surpassés, vieux Nestors de la Grèce!
J'en veux pour preuve ses hauts faits.

Il est mort, mais du moins son œuvre est immortelle;
Sa gloire, désormais, rayonnera plus belle.
Comme le Christ, il a gravi son Golgotha,
Et son sang répandu sur un nouveau Calvaire,
Pollen délicieux, fera germer sur terre,
Les rêves d'or qu'il enfanta.

Il est mort. Avec lui périra l'esclavage,
Son martyre à nos yeux en est un divin gage,
Son vœu le plus ardent ainsi s'accomplira:
Des bords de l'Orénoque au rivage du Tibre
Et du Tage à l'Indus, tout homme sera libre;
Au grand livre chacun lira!

Il est mort, mais du moins sa tâche fut complète,
Il est mort sur la brèche, ainsi qu'un noble athlète;
Quand on a bien vécu, qu'importe le trépas?
Pour le penseur, mourir, n'est-ce donc pas renaître?
C'est se transfigurer, devenir un autre être,
Puisque l'âme ne périt pas!

II

O toi dont l'aveugle furie,
A semé la terre de deuil,

ODE—[*Continued*]

Wilkes Booth, traître à la patrie,
 A genoux, devant ce cercueil,
 Héros d'un drame épouvantable,
 Maudissant ta haine exécration,
 Viens courber ta tête coupable,
 Devant ces restes adorés.
 Viens écouter la plainte amère
 Qui, de tous les points de la terre,
 Monte vers la céleste sphère,
 Sortant de nos cœurs atterrés.
 Ton audace égala ta rage,
 Mais ton projet avortera.

Et l'Amérique, avec courage,
 Toujours vers son but marchera.
 En vain, tu frappas ta victime,
 Sache-le bien, jamais le crime
 Ne pourra rendre légitime
 Le plus odieux des desseins;
 Et ton nom, maudit d'âge en âge,
 Par l'humanité qu'il outrage
 Sera cloué, sur une page,
 Au pilori des assassins.

III

Et toi noble martyr que le monde révère,
 Toi, qui des opprimés voulais être le père,
 [194]

ODE—[*Continued*]

En vain tu succombas sous le plomb meurtrier,
Ton nom, le plus grand nom de toute république,
Rayonnera toujours au front de l'Amérique
Comme un splendide bouclier.

Quelle étoile jamais fut pareille à la tienne?
Comme Franklin, issu de race plébéienne,
Parti des derniers rangs, fils de ta volonté,
Tu montas, tu montas jusques au rang suprême,
Puis Justice et Devoir furent ton diadème,
Et ton sceptre, la Liberté.

Comme John Brown, ce Christ de l'humanité noire
Tu brilleras sans cesse, au zénith de l'histoire,
Les siècles à venir encor te béniront,
Et, plus vil fut celui qui t'arracha la vie,
Plus belles, désormais, malgré l'infâme envie,
Tes œuvres étincelleront

Dors en paix, dors en paix dans tes langes funèbres,
La raison, chaque jour, dissipe les ténèbres
Que répandaient sur nous l'ignorance et l'orgueil;
De ces rudes fléaux nous chasserons la race,
Et nos fils heureux, en marchant sur la trace,
Ne rencontreront nul écueil.

Salut, salut à vous, martyrs de la pensée,
Chacun de vous travaille à l'œuvre commencée,

ODE—[*Continued*]

Et de la même foi vous dressez les autels;
Depuis celui qui prit, sans trembler, la cigüe,
Chacun de vous ressent quelque douleur aiguë,
Salut, vous êtes immortels!

Oui, par vous notre terre où tout se renouvelle
Verra régner un jour la paix universelle,
L'amour entre ses fils mettra l'égalité!
Et l'homme comprenant enfin le grand dictame,
Sentira tressaillir et résonner son âme
Au grand nom de fraternité!

PAUL THOUZERY

F. CAMPADELLI TO HON. MR. BIGELOW

Translation

9 Villa St. Michel, (Batignolles,)

Paris, May 17, 1865.

The triumph of the federal cause, or rather of justice, in America made every heart friendly to liberty palpitate with joy. Why should sorrow come in such a tragic manner to change the sentiments of harmony and concord that seemed to surround this generous successor of Washington at a time when his moderation and tranquil virtues promised a perpetuity of peace? What a grand and noble duty he had to perform after what he had done already with such calm energy. In sacrificing such a man, blind passion, we have no doubt, consecrated his memory while it conquered and killed forever the worst of causes. Such are the sentiments I have endeavoured to express in the language of my adopted country in honour of that beautiful American republic of which I would like to have the glory of being a citizen, and to the eminent magistrate for whom the world now mourns.

You will honour me much, sir, by accepting the dedication of this ode, and bestowing upon its author a benevolent regard.

I have the honour to be, with the most profound respect, your very humble and obedient servant,

F. CAMPADELLI

HON. MR. BIGELOW,

United States Minister at Paris.

ODE

*Abraham Lincoln, ou le triomphe de l'Union Américaine,
dédié à l'honorable Monsieur Bigelow, Ministre
des États-Unis*

LE monde gémissait de cette lutte immense
Où s'exaltait l'orgueil et l'insigne démente
D'oligarques brisant le pacte d'Union,
Pacte sacré, portant en sa puissante sève
Des destins que n'ont pas les conquêtes du glaive
Pour conduire à son but la grande nation.

De Washington pour eux l'œuvre serait chimère—
Quand ce héros vengea la liberté, sa mère,
Contre les oppresseurs d'un monde en son berceau,
Afin de lui donner sa base légitime,
Il groupa sans effort, par un lien intime,
Des États fraternels sous un même drapeau.

Et ce labeur, scellé du sang de tant de braves,
Fondé par la vertu, pure de ces entraves
Que l'ambition forge au profit des tyrans,
A constamment fleuri près d'un siècle prospère,
Donnant à l'Univers l'exemple salubre
Du saint respect des lois qui fait les peuples grands.

ODE—[*Continued*]

Si l'Europe se plaît à se faire une idole
De tout usurpateur sans frein qui les immole,
Dictant pour toute loi sa seule volonté,
Sur ce sol généreux, immense champ d'asile,
Conviant l'homme fort à le rendre fertile,
Le premier fruit vital est dans la liberté.

Là, ce n'est pas en vain que tout mortel l'implore :
Du faible elle est le droit, et le puissant s'honore
De toujours maintenir son niveau respecté.
Alors, chez lui, talents, génie, honneur, fortune,
Au lieu d'être un danger pour la cause commune,
Sont les gages certains de sa prospérité.

Aussi, quelle grandeur au vieux monde inconnue
L'Amérique atteignait, depuis la bienvenue
De l'ère où Washington vînt affirmer ses droits !
La Maison-Blanche a vu sans garde prétorienne,
Sans licteurs, sans l'éclat de la pompe ancienne,
Des magistrats plus grands et plus fiers que des rois.

Droit moderne, salut ! Et voila ton prodige !
Palais de la vertu, salut ! car ton prestige
Ne vient pas d'un pouvoir par la force usurpé :
Quiconque en tes lambris pense, agit ou respire,
N'est grand qu'en subissant et maintenant l'empire
Des lois qui font l'honneur d'un peuple émancipé.

ODE—[*Continued*]

Eh quoi! des héritiers de ce plan magnifique
Où se développait la grande République
Ont osé le briser, sous le prétexte vain
De cette liberté qui serait leur victime,
Si, triomphant avec l'esclavage, leur crime!
Ils lui faisaient subir un affront souverain!

Mais le droit s'est levé dans sa virile force:
Tout un peuple a flétri cet infâme divorce
Que pour eux seuls rêvaient d'orgueilleux citoyens:
Et, saisissant le fer contre la ligue impie,
Il a vaincu—laissant toute haine assoupie
Quand ont mis l'arme bas ses aveugles soutiens.

Gloire, honneur à Lincoln! homme d'une foi pure,
Qui porta le fardeau si grand, sans dictature,
Sans violation du temple saint des lois;
Honneur à ces guerriers loyaux, vaillants et fermes,
Qui des rébellions ont pu franchir les termes,
Sans jamais imprimer de tache à leurs exploits!

Ils atteignaient déjà l'heure de la concorde—
Amérique! c'était un éloquent exorde
Pour la démocratie en marche d'avenir—
Que peuvent désormais les sophismes néfastes
Dont se parent encor les tyrans et les castes,
Quand devant eux surgit l'ombre de ton martyr!

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

ODE—[*Continued*]

O crime ! ô trahison ! dans ton revers suprême
Tu glisses dans le sang et l'ignoble blasphème—
En vouant pour jamais à l'immortalité
Un champion du droit clément, dont la grande âme
Est l'auguste rachat de ce tribut infâme
Qu'une race payait à la fatalité !

F. CAMPADELLI,

Ex-lieutenant des Volontaires Italiens.

Paris, ce 1^{er} mai 1865.

IN TOKEN OF RESPECT

Translation from Latin verses

FROM humble parentage and low degree
Lincoln ascended to the highest rank;
None ever had a harder task than he.
It was perfected—him alone we thank.

Did the assassin think to kill a name,
Or hand his own down to posterity?
One will wear the laurel wreath of fame,
The other be condemned to infamy.

The mighty Cæsar was slain by Brutus,
Yet glorious Rome did not cease to be;
Lincoln the good and great, by Booth, and yet
The slaves throughout America are free!

F. B.

Rieti, May, 1865.

VII. LINCOLN'S GRAVE

*"Meseems I feel his presence. Is he dead?
Death is a word. He lives and grander grows."*

LINCOLN'S GRAVE

MAY one who fought in honour for the South
Uncovered stand and sing by Lincoln's grave?

Why, if I shrunk not at the cannon's mouth,
Nor swerved one inch from any battle-wave,
Should I now tremble in this quiet close
Hearing the prairie wind go lightly by
From billowy plains of grass and miles of corn,

While out of deep repose
The great sweet spirit lifts itself on high
And broods above our land this summer morn?

Yon little city bumbles like a hive,
And yonder fields are rolling like the sea,
From lake to gulf our peaceful millions strive;
Old notes of discord sink to harmony;
And here beside this grave I stand apart
Clothed in my birthright's plenitude of power
And feel the thought within me rise and yearn,

And overflow my heart!
I am the poet of this golden hour;
A whole world's aspirations in me burn.

And, erst a rebel, I am not a saint;
For dear as life the memory of those days,
Those comrades, that young banner; not a taint
Of shame my record holds. I speak the praise

LINCOLN'S GRAVE—[*Continued*]

Unbounded of my camp-mates who yet live,
Or those, with honour shining bright as gold,
Who went to death, as to a banquet going;

And proudly do I give
A song to you who kept the banner old,
The dearest flag o'er any country blowing!

Whose children walk with bright uplifted heads
Under that flag by bullets rent and cloven,
By factions torn and ravelled into shreds,
By loving hands untangled and rewoven?
Both mine and thine, no matter where we fought,
Our wedded veins now spill a warmer flood
Than poured at Wilderness and Rocky-face;
The victory we sought,
Each fighting for what seemed his children's good,
Came when that banner reached its rightful place.

Broad is our view and broad our charity,
Deep calls to deep, and height to height appeals,
With the foregathering voice of prophecy,
And boundless is the scope our morn reveals!
Blue as an iris-petal bending over,
And violet-sweet this cloudless sky of ours;
Thrills in our air the vital fire of truth,
And o'er us swarm and hover,
Like golden bees o'er nectar-burdened flowers,
The rare imperious potencies of youth.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN OF THE FAREWELL ADDRESS, BY ANDREW O'CONNOR.
DEDICATED BEFORE THE CAPITOL AT SPRINGFIELD, OCTOBER 5, 1918

LINCOLN'S GRAVE—[*Continued*]

Oh, is there now a North so arrogant,
A South so narrow and so bitter still,
It bosoms any thought malevolent
Under that flag on freedom's stately hill?
Not those who charged between the batteries,
Crashing midway like meeting cannon-shot,
Can ruminate old hatreds o'er again,
 Stifling warm sympathies
And friendships true that cowards value not;
Not soldiers good, for they are gentlemen.

O Federal soldiers, ours, as well as thine,
The passionate wild love of home and land!
When Georgia called I felt the thrill divine,
And who could quell my heart or stay my hand?
We rushed together on that field of death,
Unmindful of ourselves; behind us lay
Home, mother, country—all that life is worth!

 Even now I feel the breath
Of courage that did hurl me through the fray,
And strand me by the ramparts of the North!

Right seems to dally as it strolls along;
But still it moves and never backward goes;
Each pace is certain, every pose is strong;
Crushed in its vestiges it leaves its foes,
And yet no man escapes its loving care,
Or dies in vain its honest combatant,

LINCOLN'S GRAVE—[*Continued*]

Or fails to conquer fighting by its side!

Like incense on the air

Went up brave souls where bayonets crossed aslant

And every bosom held a patriot's pride!

Old soldiers true, ah, them all men can trust,
Who fought, with conscience clear, on either side;
Who bearded Death and thought their cause was just;
Their stainless honour cannot be denied;
All patriots they beyond the farthest doubt;
Ring it and sing it up and down the land,
And let no voice dare answer it with sneers,

Or shut its meaning out;

Ring it and sing it, we go hand in hand.

Old infantry, old cavalry, old cannoneers.

And if Virginia's vales shall ring again
To battle-yell of Moseby or Malone,
If Wilder's wild brigade or Morgan's men
Once more wheel into line; or all alone
A Sheridan shall ride, a Cleburne fall,
There will not be two flags above them flying,
But both in one, welded in that pure flame

Upflaring in us all,

When kindred unto kindred loudly crying

Rally and cheer in freedom's holy name!

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

LINCOLN'S GRAVE—[*Continued*]

Great heart that bled on every awful field,
Deep eyes that wept for every soldier dead,
What time the Blue or Grey swept on or reeled,
What time, triumphant, Meade or Johnston led;
True heart that felt our country one and whole,
Kind eyes that saw to love beyond the strife;
Inspire me, fill me, hold me close and long,
 My every source control,
So that the richest veins of human life
Thrilled through by thee may consecrate my song!

I, mindful of a dark and bitter past,
And of its clashing hopes and raging hates,
Still, standing here, invoke a love so vast
It cancels all and all obliterates,
Save love itself, which cannot harbour wrong;
Oh for a voice of boundless melody,
A voice to fill heaven's hollow to the brim
 With one brave burst of song
Stronger than tempest, nobler than the sea,
That I might lend it to a song of him!

Meseems I feel his presence. Is he dead?
Death is a word. He lives and grander grows.
At Gettysburg he bows his bleeding head;
He spreads his arms where Chickamauga flows,
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LINCOLN'S GRAVE—[*Continued*]

As if to clasp old soldiers to his breast,
Of South or North no matter which they be,
Not thinking of what uniform they wore,

His heart a palimpsest,
Record on record of humanity,
Where love is first and last forevermore.

His was the tireless strength of native truth,
The might of rugged, untaught earnestness;
Deep-freezing poverty made brave his youth,
And toned his manhood with its winter stress
Up to the temper of heroic worth,
And wrought him to a crystal clear and pure,
To mark how Nature in her highest mood

Scorns at our pride of birth,
And ever plants the life that must endure
In the strong soil of wintry solitude.

Close to the ground what if his life began,
In rude bucolic self-denial keyed,
Fed on realities, yet hearing Pan
Along the brookside blow a charmed reed!
O flocks of Hardin, you remember well
The awkward child, and had he not a look
Of one forechosen of grand destiny?

In field or forest dell
Did he not prophesy to bird and brook,
And shape vague runes of what was yet to be?

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

LINCOLN'S GRAVE—[*Continued*]

Born in the midway space where freedom seemed
To sport with slavery, and half way o'er
From where the South in golden luxury dreamed
To that old rock of Plymouth on the shore
Made holy by the touch of pilgrim feet,
He grew to stature of the largest mould,
A stalwart burden-bearer trudging on
 And up to that high seat,
Which never more the like of him shall hold,
Over rough ways, through pain and sorrow drawn.

Giant of frame, of soul superbly human,
Best measure of true greatness measures him;
Crude might of man, the native sweet of woman,
The immanence of destiny strange and dim,
Brawn-building labour with the axe and maul,
Braced and enriched him to the uttermost,
And filled those founts that wisdom bubbles from,
 Made him so kingly tall,
So notable of mien 'mid any host,
The leader and the master strong and calm.

He, the last product and the highest power
Of elemental righteousness and worth,
Gave all his life, that in Time's darkest hour,
Dear Freedom should not perish from the earth,
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THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

LINCOLN'S GRAVE—[*Continued*]

And steadfast in the centre of the storm,
Grim as a panther for its cubs at bay,
He was the one, the fixed, the president,
 The overtowering form,
That broke the bolts of every thunderous day,
And made itself the nation's battlement.

Set for the right his vision absolute
Compassed all charity, nor failed to see
That highest sense of right may constitute
Grant's glory and the noble strength of Lee;
His eyes were never narrowed to the line
By which the bigot gauges every look;
In Sherman's will, in Stonewall Jackson's prayer
 He felt the force divine
Wherewith the soul of loftiest manhood shook
When war with its wild glamour filled the air.

While all the world on Freedom gazed askance,
Ere yet more than her shadowy form they saw,
He spoke the foresay and significance,
The finest intimation of her law;
Wisdom so tender, justice so kind and good,
The warm appeal of limitless faith in man,
The goal toward which our widening cycle rolls,
 The perfect brotherhood;
These flushed his spirit; and with him began
The universal league of human souls.

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

LINCOLN'S GRAVE—[*Continued*]

Speak not of accident or circumstance,
He was the genius of primeval man
Evolved anew, despite the waves of chance;
Along his nerves the human current ran.
Pure as the old far fountain in the shade
Of God's first trees. He knew the score right well,
And note by note, of Nature's simple staff,
 Yodled in grove and glade;
He loved the story and the honest laugh,
The rustic song, the sounds of field and fell.

His humour, born of virile opulence,
Stung like a pungent sap or wild-fruit zest,
And satisfied a universal sense
Of manliness, the strongest and the best;
A soft Kentucky strain was in his voice,
And the Ohio's deeper boom was there,
With some wild accents of old Wabash days,
 And winds of Illinois;
And when he spake he took us unaware
With his high courage and unselfish ways.

And fresh from God he had the godlike power
Of universal sympathy with life,
Or high or low; he knew the day and hour,
Felt every motive actuating strife,

LINCOLN'S GRAVE—[*Continued*]

Lived on both sides of every aspiration,
And saw how men could differ and be right,
How from all points the waves of truth are driven
 To one last destination;
How prayer that battles prayer with awful might
Eternally tempestuous rolls to heaven.

He heard the rending of the bonds of love,
And he was rent with every snapping strand;
Toppled the temple's base and dome above,
Yawned a black chasm across our lovely land;
And yet he could not let the fragments go,
Or loose his hold on that firm unity
Welded at Valley Forge and Bunker Hill;
 He heard the bugles blow
On either side, and yet how could it be?
He prayed for peace, forbore and trusted still!

He was the Southern mother leaning forth
At dead of night to hear the cannon roar,
Beseeching God to turn the cruel North
And break it that her son might come once more;
He was New England's maiden pale and pure,
Whose gallant lover fell on Shiloh's plain;
He was the mangled body of the dead;
 He writhing did endure
Wounds and disfigurement and racking pain,
Gangrene and amputation, all things dread.

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

LINCOLN'S GRAVE—[*Continued*]

He was the North, the South, the East, the West,
The thrall, the master, all of us in one;
There was no section that he held the best;
His love shone as impartial as the sun;
And so revenge appealed to him in vain,
He smiled at it, as at a thing forlorn,
And gently put it from him, rose and stood
 A moment's space in pain,
Remembering the prairies and the corn
And the glad voices of the field and wood.

Oh, every bullet-shock went to his heart,
And every orphan's cry that followed it,
In every slave's wild hope he bore a part,
With every master's pang his face was lit;
But yet, unfaltering, he kept the faith,
Trusted the inner light and drove right on
Straight toward his golden purpose shining high
 Beyond the field of death,
Beyond the trumpets and the gonfalon,
Beyond the war-clouds and the blackened sky.

Annealed in white-hot fire he bore the test
Of every strain temptation could invent,
Hard points of slander, shivered on his breast,
Fell at his feet, and envy's blades were bent

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

LINCOLN'S GRAVE—[*Continued*]

In his bare hand and lightly cast aside;
He would not wear a shield; no selfish aim
Guided one thought of all those trying hours;
 No breath of pride,
No pompous striving for the pose of fame
Weakened one stroke of all his noble powers.

And so, vicariously all suffering,
Over stupendous ills he rose supreme,
Set Freedom free, made that a real thing
Which all the world had thought a splendid dream!
Across the red and booming tide of war
He sped the evangel of eternal right,
The message brave that broke the ancient spell
 And rang and echoed far;
Above the battle at its stormiest height
He heard each chain of slavery as it fell!

And then when Peace set wing upon the wind
And Northward flying fanned the clouds away,
He passed as martyrs pass. Ah, who shall find
The chord to sound the pathos of that day!
Mid-April blowing sweet across the land,
New bloom of freedom opening to the world,
Loud paeans of the homeward-looking host,
 The salutations grand
From grimy guns, the tattered flags unfurled;
But he must sleep to all the glory lost!

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

LINCOLN'S GRAVE—[*Continued*]

Sleep! Loss! But there is neither sleep nor loss,
And all the glory mantles him about;
Above his breast the precious banners cross,
Does he not hear his armies tramp and shout?
Oh, every kiss of mother, wife or maid
Dashed on the grizzly lip of veteran,
Comes forthright to that calm and quiet mouth,
 And will not be delayed,
And every slave, no longer slave but man,
Sends up a blessing from the broken South.

Shall we forget what other slaves to-day
Delve, freeze and starve and wear the iron chain?
What women feel the lash, what children pray
For mother, father, home, and pray in vain?
Beware of treaties with a tyrant power,
One manly peasant's worth a thousand Tzars,
One woman struck calls for a million sabres!

 Ring, ring, O golden hour,
Forseen of patriots in a myriad wars!
Great soul, march on and end thy glorious labours!

Hero and hind, thy strong, familiar pace,
Outreaching Time, is that the world must take,
If it shall find at last the lofty place
Where Glory flames and Freedom's banners shake!

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

LINCOLN'S GRAVE—[*Continued*]

Imperial hands, that never touched the helve
Of plough or hoe, may glove themselves in scorn,
At mention of those palms so hard and brown,
 Those knuckles formed to delve;
But what empurpled despot ever born
Could buy one whiff of freedom with a crown?

Oh, nevermore the tide of life shall turn
Backward upon the dark and savage past;
The flame he lit shall grow and stronger burn
With incense farther blowing to the last!
Why build for him a monument or tomb,
Or carve his name on any temple's stone,
Or speak of him as one whose soul has fled?

 No mausoleum's gloom,
No minster space, no pyramid grand and lone,
Can shut on him or prove that he is dead.

He is not dead. France knows he is not dead;
He stirs strong hearts in Spain and Germany,
In far Siberian mines his words are said,
He tells the English Ireland shall be free,
He calls poor serfs about him in the night,
And whispers of a power that laughs at kings,
And of a force that breaks the strongest chain;

 Old tyranny feels his might
Tearing away its deepest fastenings,
And jewelled sceptres threaten him in vain.

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

LINCOLN'S GRAVE—[*Continued*]

Years pass away, but freedom does not pass,
Thrones crumble, but man's birthright crumbles not,
And, like the wind across the prairie grass,
A whole world's aspirations fan this spot
With ceaseless panting after liberty,
One breath of which would make dark Russia fair,
And blow sweet summer through the exile's cave,
And set the exile free;
For which I pray, here in the open air
Of Freedom's morning-tide, by Lincoln's grave.

MAURICE THOMPSON

VIII. LINCOLN IN MEMORIAL

*"The hand that shapes us Lincoln must be strong
As his that righted our bequeathed wrong;
The heart that shows us Lincoln must be brave,
An equal comrade unto king or slave;
The mind that gives us Lincoln must be clear
As that of seer
To fathom deeps of faith abiding under tides of fear."*



STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN BY AUGUSTUS
SAINT-GAUDENS, IN LINCOLN PARK,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



SAINT-GAUDENS' LINCOLN

I WEPT by Lincoln's pall when children's tears,
That saddest of the nation's years,
Were reckoned in the census of her grief;
And, flooding every eye,
Of low estate or high,
The crystal sign of sorrow made men peers.
The raindrop on the April leaf
Was not more unashamed. Hand spoke to hand
A universal language; and whene'er
The hopeful met 'twas but to mingle their despair.
Our yesterday's war-widowed land
To-day was orphaned. Its victorious voice
Lost memory of the power to rejoice.
For he whom all had learned to love was prone.
The weak had slain the mighty; by a whim
The ordered edifice was overthrown
And lay in futile ruin, mute and dim.

O Death, thou sculptor without art,
What didst thou to the Lincoln of our heart?
Where was the manly eye
That conquered enmity?
Where was the gentle smile
So innocent of guile—

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

SAINT-GAUDENS' LINCOLN—[Continued]

The message of good-will
To all men, whether good or ill?
Where shall we trace
Those treasured lines, half humour and half pain,
That made him doubly brother to the race?
For these, O Death, we search thy mask in vain!

Yet shall the future be not all bereft:
Not without witness shall its eyes be left.
The soul, again, is visible through Art,
Servant of God and Man. The immortal part
Lives in the miracle of a kindred mind,
That found itself in seeking for its kind.
The humble by the humble is discerned;
And he whose melancholy broke in sunny wit
Could be no stranger unto him **who** turned
From sad to gay, as though in jest he learned
Some mystery of sorrow. It was writ:

*The hand that shapes us Lincoln must be strong
As his that righted our bequeathèd wrong;
The heart that shows us Lincoln must be brave,
An equal comrade unto king or slave;
The mind that gives us Lincoln must be clear
As that of seer
To fathom deeps of faith abiding under tides of fear.*

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

SAINT-GAUDENS' LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

What wonder Fame, impatient, will not wait

To call her sculptor great

Who keeps for us in bronze the soul that saved the State!

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

From his Saint-Gaudens: an Ode (New York: Published by the Author).

ON SAINT-GAUDENS' STATUE OF LINCOLN

A LITTLE group of merry children played
Around the statue's base, where, gaunt and tall,
His image stands—the bronze memorial
Unto his greatness that Saint-Gaudens made—
In thoughtful posture, carelessly arrayed
In loose, ill-fitting clothes, that somehow fall
In graceful lines—as one wrapped in a thrall
Of thought, who pauses, sad, yet undismayed.
And on the sad, calm face, where deep lines tell
His suffering and unimagined wo,
I fancied as their laughter rose and fell
A smile played 'round his lips with sad, sweet glow—
A smile like His who in far Galilee
Said, "Let the little children come to me."

FREDERICK BURTON EDDY

ON A BUST OF LINCOLN

THIS was a man of mighty mould
Who walked erewhile our earthly ways,
Fashioned as leaders were of old
In the heroic days!

Mark how austere the rugged height
Of brow—a will not wrought to bend!
Yet in the eyes behold the light
That made the foe a friend!

Sagacious he beyond the test
Of quibbling schools that praise or ban;
Supreme in all the broadest, best,
We hail American.

When bronze is but as ash to flame,
And marble but as wind-blown chaff,
Still shall the lustre of his name
Stand as his cenotaph!

CLINTON SCOLLARD

ON A BRONZE MEDAL OF LINCOLN

Victor D. Brenner's

THIS bronze our noble Lincoln's head doth bear;
Behold the strength and splendour of that face,
So homely-beautiful, with just a trace
Of humour lightening its look of care.
With bronze indeed his memory doth share,
This martyr who found freedom for a Race;
Both shall endure beyond the time and place
That knew them first, and brighter grow with wear.
Happy must be the genius here that wrought
These features of the great American
Whose fame lends so much glory to our past—
Happy to know the inspiration caught
From this most human and heroic man
Lives here to honour him while Art shall last.
FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN



THE CENTENNIAL MEDAL OF LINCOLN IN BRONZE
BY VICTOR D. BRENNER

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

NOT one of all earth's wise and good
Hath earned a purer gratitude
Than the great Soul whose hallowed dust
This structure holds in sacred trust.

How fierce the strife that rent the land,
When he was summoned to command;
With what wise care he led us through
The fearful storms that 'round us blew.

Calm, patient, hopeful, undismayed,
He met the angry hosts arrayed
For bloody war, and overcame
Their haughty power in Freedom's name.

'Mid taunts and doubts, the bondsman's chain
With gentle force he cleft in twain,
And raised four million slaves to be
The chartered sons of Liberty.

No debt he owed to wealth or birth;
By force of solid, honest worth
He climbed the topmost height of fame,
And wrote thereon a spotless name.

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

Oh! when the felon hand laid low
That sacred head, a sudden wo
Shot to the Nation's farthest bound,
And every bosom felt the wound.

Well might the Nation bow in grief,
And weep above the fallen chief,
Who ever strove, by word or pen,
For "peace on earth, good-will to men."

The people loved him, for they knew
Each pulse of his large heart was true
To them, to Freedom, and the right,
Unswayed by gain, unawed by might.

This tomb, by loving hands up-piled
To him, the merciful and mild,
From age to age shall carry down
The glory of his great renown.

As the long centuries onward flow,
As generations come and go,
Wide and more wide his fame shall spread,
And greener laurels crown his head.

And when this pile is fallen to dust,
Its bronzes crumbled into rust,
Thy name, O Lincoln! still shall be
Revered and loved from sea to sea.

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

India's swart millions, 'neath their palms
Shall sing thy praise in grateful psalms,
And crowds by Congo's turbid wave
Shall bless the hand that freed the slave.

Shine on, O Star of Freedom, shine,
Till all the realms of earth are thine;
And all the tribes through countless days
Shall bask in thy benignant rays.

Lord of the Nations! grant us still
Another patriot sage, to fill
The seat of power, and save the State
From selfish greed. For this we wait.

JOHN H. BRYANT

This poem was read by the author (brother of William Cullen Bryant) at the ceremonies in Springfield on the eighteenth anniversary of the death of Lincoln.

THE LIFE-MASK OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THIS bronze doth keep the very form and mould
Of our great martyr's face. Yes, this is he:
That brow all wisdom, all benignity;
That human, humorous mouth; those cheeks that
hold

Like some harsh landscape all the summer's gold;
That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea
For storms to beat on; the lone agony
Those silent, patient lips too well foretold.

Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men
As might some prophet of the elder day—
Brooding above the tempest and the fray
With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken.
A power was his beyond the touch of art
Or arméd strength—his pure and mighty heart.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

THE EMANCIPATION GROUP

AMIDST thy sacred effigies
Of old renown give place,
O city, Freedom-loved! to his
Whose hand unchained a race.

Take the worn frame, that rested not
Save in a martyr's grave;
The care-lined face, that none forgot,
Bent to the kneeling slave.

Let man be free! The mighty word
He spake was not his own;
An impulse from the Highest stirred
These chiselled lips alone.

The cloudy sign, the fiery guide,
Along his pathway ran,
And Nature, through his voice, denied
The ownership of man.

We rest in peace where these sad eyes
Saw peril, strife and pain;
His was the nation's sacrifice,
And ours the priceless gain.

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

THE EMANCIPATION GROUP—[*Continued*]

O symbol of God's will on earth
As it is done above!
Bear witness to the cost and worth
Of justice and of love.

Stand in thy place and testify
To coming ages long,
That truth is stronger than a lie,
And righteousness than wrong.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER



THE EMANCIPATION GROUP BY THOMAS BALL, IN LINCOLN PARK,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE LINCOLN STATUE

Gutzon Borglum, Sculptor

A MAN who drew his strength from all,
Because of all a part;
He led with wisdom, for he knew
The common heart.

Its hopes, its fears his eye discerned,
And, reading, he could share.
Its griefs were his, its burdens were
For him to bear.

Its faith that wrong must sometime yield,
That right is ever right,
Sustained him in the saddest hour,
The darkest night.

In patient confidence he wrought,
The people's will his guide,
Nor brought to his appointed task
The touch of pride.

The people's man, familiar friend,
Shown by the sculptor's art
As one who trusted, one who knew
The common heart.

W. F. COLLINS

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TO BORGLUM'S SEATED STATUE OF ABRAHAM
LINCOLN

ALONE, upon the broad low bench, he sits,
From carping foes and friends alike withdrawn;
With tragic patience for the spirit dawn
He waits, yet through the deep-set eyes hope flits
As he the back unto the burden fits.
Within this rugged man of brains and brawn
The quiv'ring nation's high powered currents drawn,
As waves of love and kindness he transmits.

O prairie poet, prophet, children's friend!
Great brained, great willed, great hearted man and true,
May we, like thee, in prayerful patience plod
With courage toward the wished for, peaceful end!
May we thy helpful friendliness renew,
Thou war worn soul communing with thy God!

CHARLOTTE BREWSTER JORDAN

“ONE OF OUR PRESIDENTS”

The statue of Lincoln at Newark, New Jersey

HE sits there on the low, rude, backless bench,
With his tall hat beside him and one arm
Flung thus across his knee. The other hand
Rests flat, palm-downward by him on the seat.
So Æsop may have sat; so Lincoln did.
For all the sadness in the sunken eyes,
For all the kingship in the uncrowned brow,
The great form leans so friendly father-like,
It is a call to children. I have watched
Eight at a time swarming upon him there,
All clinging to him—riding upon his knees,
Cuddling between his arms, clasping his neck,
Perched on his shoulders, even on his head;
And one small, play-stained hand I saw reach up
And laid most softly on the kind bronze lips
As if it claimed them. They were children of—
Of foreigners we call them, but not so
They call themselves; for when we asked of one,
A restless, dark-eyed girl, who this man was,
She answered straight, “One of our Presidents.”

“Let all the winds of hell blow in our sails,”
I thought, “thank God, thank God, the ship rides true!”

WENDELL PHILLIPS STAFFORD

THEIR LINCOLN

CHILDREN loved him long ago;
And the children of the street,
Climbing from the lawn below,
Gather still about his feet.

Little children, black or white,
Touch his hands and have no fear—
Clamber to his shoulder height,
Whisper in his patient ear.

And the calm and kindly eyes
Seem, in them, again to see
All the hope of youth that lies
In the child race he set free.

STEPHEN W. MEADER



At almost any hour of the day children may be seen at play on Borglum's statue of Lincoln, which is set low in front of the Court House at Newark, New Jersey.



STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN BY
GUTZON BORGLUM, IN FRONT OF
THE COURT HOUSE, NEWARK,
NEW JERSEY

See page 236



LINCOLN STILL LIVES

THIS mask of bronze cannot conceal his heart;
The lips once eloquent here speak again;
The kindly eyes, where tears were wont to start,
Look out once more upon the haunts of men.

His image fits no dim cathedral aisle,
Nor leafy shade, nor pedestal upraised,
But here, where playful children rest awhile
Upon his knees, whom all the nations praised.

Great in his strength, yet winsome as a child,
Quick to his touch the childlike heart responds,
As when his mighty hands, all undefiled,
From dark-hued childhood's limbs struck off the
bonds.

O Death, unerring as your arrows be,
High as the hills your hecatombs of slain,
Against this Child of Immortality,
O shame-faced Death, you sped your shaft in vain.

CHARLES MUMFORD

LINCOLN

HEROIC soul, in homely garb half hid,
Sincere, sagacious, melancholy, quaint;
What he endured, no less than what he did,
Has reared his monument, and crowned him saint.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE

THE LINCOLN BOULDER

Nyack, N. Y.

O MIGHTY Boulder, wrought by God's own hand,
Throughout all future ages thou shalt stand
A monument of honour to the brave
Who yielded up their lives, their all, to save
Our glorious country, and to make it free
From bondsmen's tears and lash of slavery.

Securely welded to thy rugged breast,
Through all the coming ages there shall rest
Our Lincoln's tribute to a patriot band,
The noblest ever penned by human hand.

The storms of centuries may lash and beat
Thy granite face and bronze with hail and sleet;
But futile all their fury; in a day
The loyal sun will melt them all away.

Equal in death our gallant heroes sleep
In Southern trench, home grave, and ocean deep;
Equal in glory, fadeless as the light
The stars send down upon them through the night.

THE LINCOLN BOULDER—[*Continued*]

O priceless heritage for us to keep
Our heroes' fame immortal while they sleep!

O God, still guide us with Thy loving hand,
Keep and protect our glorious Fatherland.

LOUIS BRADFORD COUCH

THE HAND OF LINCOLN

LOOK on this cast, and know the hand
That bore a nation in its hold:
From this mute witness understand
What Lincoln was—how large of mould

The man who sped the woodman's team,
And deepest sunk the ploughman's share,
And pushed the laden raft astream,
Of fate before him unaware.

This was the hand that knew to swing
The axe—since thus would Freedom train
Her son—and made the forest ring,
And drove the wedge, and toiled amain.

Firm hand, that loftier office took,
A conscious leader's will obeyed,
And, when men sought his word and look,
With steadfast might the gathering swayed.

No courtier's, toying with a sword,
Nor minstrel's, laid across a lute;
A chief's, uplifted to the Lord
When all the kings of earth were mute!

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

THE HAND OF LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

The hand of Anak, sinewed strong,
The fingers that on greatness clutch;
Yet, lo! the marks their lines along
Of one who strove and suffered much.

For here in knotted cord and vein
I trace the varying chart of years;
I know the troubled heart, the strain,
The weight of Atlas—and the tears.

Again I see the patient brow
That palm erewhile was wont to press;
And now 'tis furrowed deep, and now
Made smooth with hope and tenderness.

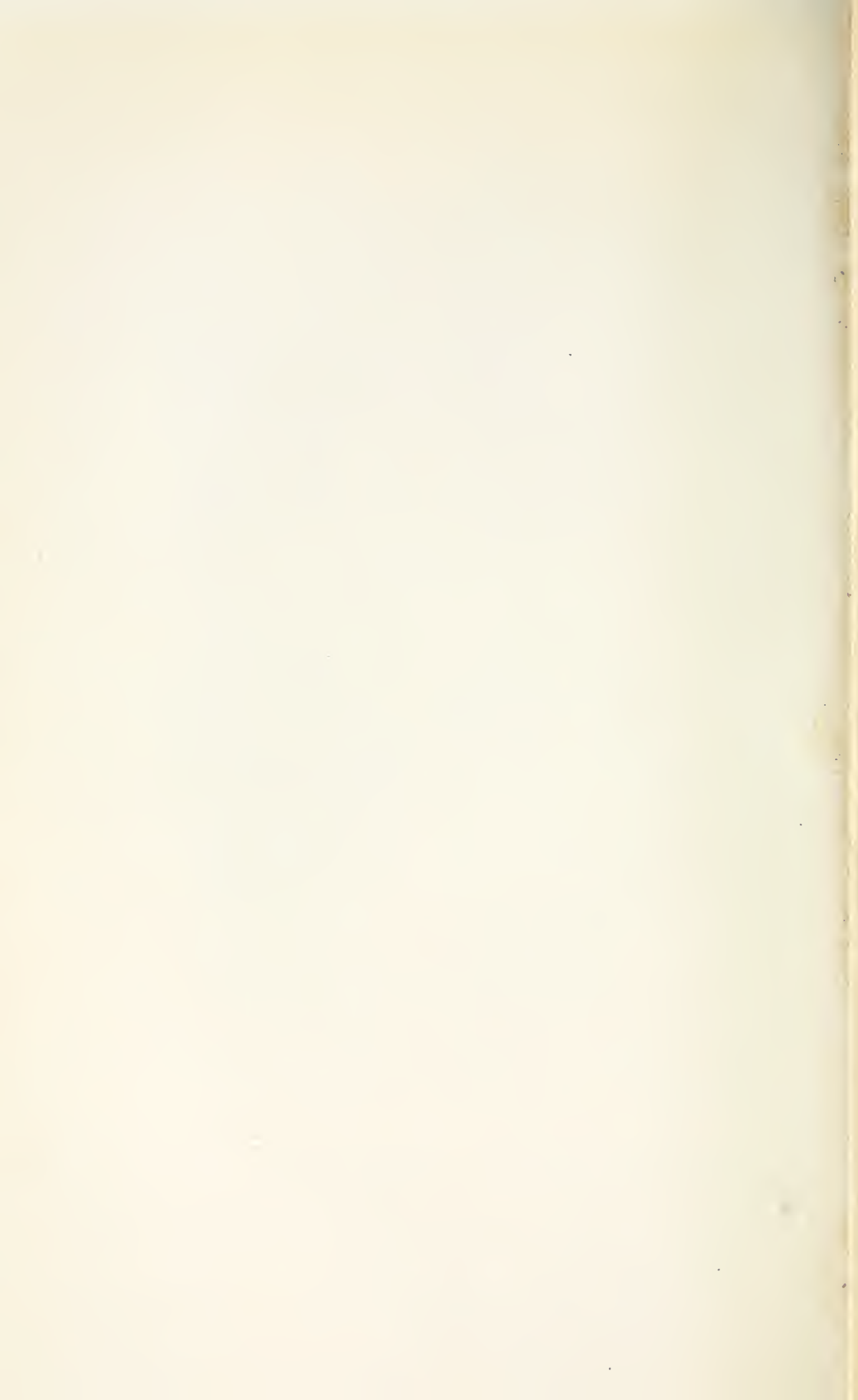
For something of a formless grace
This moulded outline plays about;
A pitying flame beyond our trace,
Breathes like a spirit, in and out—

The love that cast an aureole
Round one who, longer to endure,
Called mirth to ease his ceaseless dole,
Yet kept his nobler purpose sure.

Lo, as I gaze, the statured man,
Built up from yon large hand, appears:
A type that Nature wills to plan
But once in all a people's years.



THE HANDS OF LINCOLN IN BRONZE BY LEONARD K. VOLK



THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

THE HAND OF LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

What better than this voiceless cast

To tell of such a one as he,

Since through its living semblance passed

The thought that bade a race be free!

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

BARNARD'S STATUE OF LINCOLN

THE clay again has found a dowered hand
To shape a wonder. Lo, the sculptor's art
Has made its last the finest. There he stands
A people's idol! This is masterpiece
Of man, as was the loved original
Of God—invention's triumph for life's sake,
Great history featured by great artistry,
A poet's allegory wrought in bronze.

This is a symbol of democracy—
A towering figure risen from the soil
And keeping the earth mould, yet so informed
By spiritual power that they who gaze
Perceive high kinship bearing similar stamp
To One of old from whom was learned the way
Of wisdom and the love that goes to death.
And this is commonalty glorified—
A root out of dry ground, but waterèd
By those inherent and ancestral streams
Whose springs are in the furthest heavenlies.
And this is nature's haunting miracle—
The lowly dust builded to pinnacles,
The earth-bound soul consorting with the stars.

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

BARNARD'S STATUE OF LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

Unshapely feet—but they were such as trod
The winepress of God's judgment on a land,
Were such as clomb, striding through storm and night,
The perilous steeps of right, leading a host.
Ungainly hands—but they were such as plucked
Thistles and planted flowers in their stead,
Were such as struck hell's irons from a race
And open swung barred gates of privilege.
Unsightly back—but it was such as bore
The bruises of a nation's chastisement,
For see, the double cross welted thereon,
The emblem of a statesman's Calvary!
Uncomely face—but it was such as wore
The prints of vigil and the scars of grief,
A face more marred than any man's, save One,
And save that One a face more beautiful.

Those furrows, deftly moulded, came from tears,
The visualising of vicarious pain.
That writhèd curve of lips marks forced control,
Restraint of impulse for the sake of duty.
Those intercessory eyes gaze awesomely,
Seeing far off as if they searched God's eyes
For covenant vindication, finding it.
Yon brow, it bears the impress of a Hand
Upon the sculptor's, that historic front
May show receptive to divine ideals,
May signal truth's elect interpreter.

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

BARNARD'S STATUE OF LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

So stands he, regnant in triumphant bronze,
A spirit mastering fate by faith and love
And imaging right's lordship o'er the world—
So stands he, Heaven and Earth's great commoner,
God's and the People's, light unto the nations,
Lincoln the deathless, Lincoln the beloved.

LYMAN WHITNEY ALLEN

Dr. Allen's poem of interpretation was read by him, following the presentation address by Hon. William Howard Taft, at the dedication of the statue in Lytle Park, Cincinnati, March 31, 1917.



STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN BY GEORGE GREY BARNARD,
IN LYTLE PARK, CINCINNATI

See page 246

LINCOLN, 1865-1915

O THOU that on that April day
Went down the bitter road to death,
While freedom stumbled on her way,
Her beacon blown out with a breath—

Look back upon thy people now!
Behold the work thy hands have wrought,
The conquest of thy bleeding brow,
The harvest of thy sleepless thought.

From sea to sea, from palm to pine,
The day of lord and slave is done;
The wind will float no flag but thine;
The long-divided house is one.

More proudly will Potomac wind
Past thy pure temple to the sea;
But, ah! the hearts of men will find
No marble white enough for thee!

WENDELL PHILLIPS STAFFORD

IX. THE LIVING LINCOLN

*“In all the earth his great heart beats as strong,
Shall beat while pulses throb to chivalry
And burn with hate of tyranny and wrong.”*

THE CENOTAPH OF LINCOLN

AND so they buried Lincoln? Strange and vain!
Has any creature thought of Lincoln hid
In any vault, 'neath any coffin lid,
In all the years since that wild spring of pain?
'Tis false—he never in the grave hath lain.
You could not bury him although you slid
Upon his clay the Cheops pyramid
Or heaped it with the Rocky Mountain chain.
They slew themselves; they but set Lincoln free.
In all the earth his great heart beats as strong,
Shall beat while pulses throb to chivalry
And burn with hate of tyranny and wrong.
Whoever will may find him anywhere
Save in the tomb—not there, he is not there.

JAMES T. MACKAY

LINCOLN

I THINK he is not dead—I think his face
Is in our faces, and his hands grope through
Our hands when we do any kindnesses—
And when we dream I think he means us to.

I saw a man stand in a shrieking street
Preaching a hopeless Cause. Deep in his eyes
A glory flickered—and I knew he looked
With other ecstasies at God's mute skies.

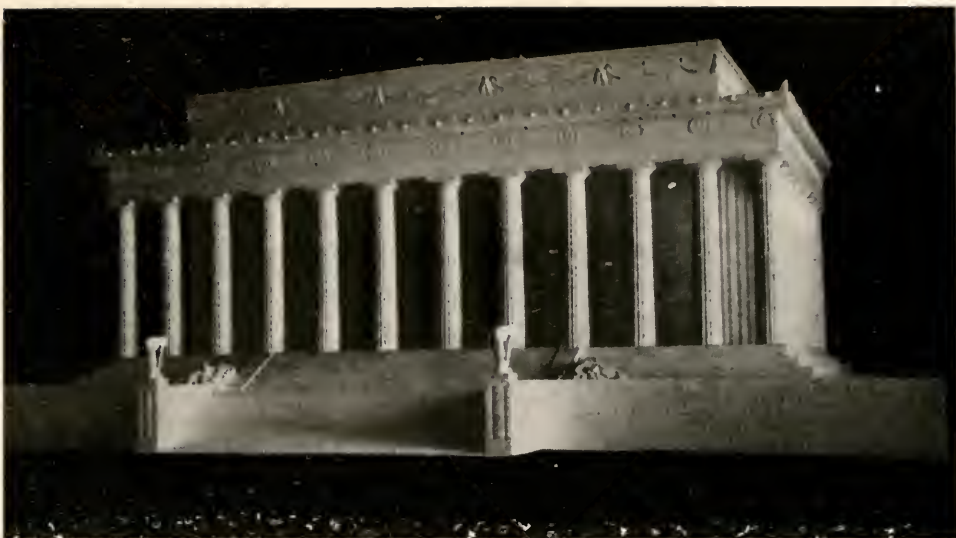
He was a workman, risen to a Dream;
His face was bitten as with sharp-edged swords—
Yet he had gathered him a little world
From life's loud street to hear his halting words—

And we who listened, bound by some strange awe,
Sensed the vague god shine through the dusty
tramp,

Saw the dim Presence kneeling in his eyes,
And that, I think, was Lincoln at his lamp.

And so I say he is not dead; not he!
He was too much a part of us to die.
Deep in the street I see his faces go;
His light is in my neighbour passing by.

DANA BURNET



THE PLASTER MODEL OF THE MEMORIAL HALL.



ARCHITECT'S DRAWING SHOWING THE RELATION OF THE MEMORIAL SITE TO THE MALL AND CAPITOL.

"Lincoln, of all Americans next to Washington, deserves this place of honor. He was of the immortals. You must not approach too close to the immortals. His monument should stand alone, remote from the common habitations of men, apart from the business and turmoil of the city—isolated, distinguished and serene."—JOHN HAY.

LINCOLN

AND, lo! leading a blessed host comes one
Who held a warring nation in his heart;
Who knew love's agony, but had no part
In love's delight; whose mighty task was done
Through blood and tears that we might walk in joy,
And this day's rapture own no sad alloy.
Around him heirs of bliss, whose bright brows wear
Palm leaves amid their laurels ever fair.
Gaily they come, as though the drum
Beat out the call their glad hearts knew so well;
Brothers once more, dear as of yore,
Who in a noble conflict nobly fell.
Their blood washed pure yon banner in the sky,
And quenched the brands laid 'neath these arches high—
The brave who, having fought, can never die.

HARRIET MONROE

The above is from "The Columbian Ode," written by Miss Monroe at the request of the Committee on Ceremonies of the World's Columbian Exposition. The Ode was read and sung at the dedicatory ceremonies in Chicago, on the 400th anniversary of the Discovery of America, Oct. 21, 1892.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

MEN call him great, where once of old
They called him despot, ruthless, cold,
Like bloody cutlass keen;
His brow, that now the wreath adorns,
Long bore the crown of cruel thorns
Worn by the Nazarene.

Men heard his soul in anguish cry,
And, tho' unworthy to untie
The very shoes he wore,
His cup of grief filled to the brim,
And bade him drink 'til stars grow dim
On the eternal shore.

Full arm'd with wisdom forth he sprang,
While critics curs'd and faint praise rang
To damn his noble name;
Yet prophet-like Time's voice still rings:
Make straight the way, a king of kings
Rides down the path of fame.

This nation long as time shall run
Will glory in this South-born son,
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THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

Who wrote with gifted pen
A prophecy of that fair day
When God shall write henceforth for aye:
I'll free the souls of men.

THOMAS H. HEENDON

LINCOLN

WHAT answer shall we make to them that seek
The living vision on a distant shore?
What words of life? The nations at our door
Believing, cry, "America shall speak!"
We are the strong to succour them, the weak,
We are the healers who shall health restore.
Dear God! Where our own tides of conflict pour,
Who shall be heard above the din and shriek!
Who, brothers? There was one stood undismayed
'Mid broil of battle and the rancorous strife,
Searching with pitiful eyes the souls of men.
Our martyr calls you, wants you! Now as then
The oppressed shall hear him and be not afraid;
And Lincoln dead shall lead you unto life!

FLORENCE KIPER FRANK

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

MAN'S saviours are men's martyrs—even thus
It hath been written, and must ever be;
Souls born for sacrifice vicarious,
They bring us life, and we repay with death,
Whether the vision that their sad eyes see,
Portentous with the ultimate agony,
Appear in Illinois or Nazareth.

So also Lincoln, steadfast, gentle, strong,
Both human and divine, to whom God yet
Gave the glad triumph, and withheld the long
Ordeal of the aftermath. Because
Of that no man can ponder with regret
Upon his end: serene at last, he met
Death in the first, swift moment of applause.

He is not ours to mourn, nor ours to praise—
Not the great North that set upon his brow
Its laurels; nor the South that, in the days
Of conflict, faced the grim-determined odds
Destined to conquer, impotent to cower;
Nor all America can claim him now:
Forevermore he is Mankind's and God's.

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

LINCOLN

SAY—if men ask for him—he has gone home,
Home to the hearts of all that love their kind;
And they that seek him there, henceforth, shall find
Their man of men—in all men's hearts at home.
The Mother made him from her common loam,
And from her world-wide harvest filled his mind,
Poured by all paths, that from all quarters wind,
As in old days all highways poured to Rome.
She said: "I make a universal man,
Warmed with all laughter, tempered with all tears,
Whose word and deed shall have the force of fate.
I made not seven in all, since time began,
Of men like these. They last a thousand years.
They have the power to will, the will to wait."

WENDELL PHILLIPS STAFFORD



HEAD OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN MARBLE
BY GUTZON BORGLUM,
IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE NATIONAL CAPITOL

THE MAN LINCOLN

NOT as the great who grow more great
Until they are from us apart—
He walks with us in man's estate;
 We know his was a brother heart.
The marching years may render dim
 The humanness of other men,
To-day we are akin to him
 As they who knew him best were then.

Wars have been won by mail-clad hands,
 Realms have been ruled by sword-hedged
 kings,
But he above these others stands
 As one who loved the common things;
The common faith of man was his,
 The common faith in man he had—
For this to-day his brave face is
 A face half joyous and half sad.

A man of earth! Of earthy stuff,
 As honest as the fruitful soil,
Gnarled as the friendly trees, and rough
 As hillsides that had known his toil;

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

THE MAN LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

Of earthy stuff—let it be told,
For earth-born men rise and reveal
A courage fair as beaten gold
And the enduring strength of steel.

So now he dominates our thought,
This humble great man holds us thus
Because of all he dreamed and wrought,
Because he is akin to us.
He held his patient trust in truth
While God was working out His plan,
And they that were his foes, forsooth,
Came to pay tribute to the Man.

Not as the great who grow more great
Until they have a mystic fame—
No stroke of pastime nor of fate
Gave Lincoln his undying name.
A common man, earth-bred, earth-born,
One of the breed who work and wait—
His was a soul above all scorn,
His was a heart above all hate.

WILBUR D. NESBIT

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

ONE time I touched, with reverence, the cast
Of his God-guided hand. One time I gazed
Through tears, upon the mask of that sad face—
Graven with grief, yet how it glowed with courage!
And once my fingers trembled as they held
The handkerchief he carried that last night—
A drop of his own blood has hallowed it.
Men I have known who knew and talked with him,
And lately spoke with one who stood close by
When, on the field of Gettysburg, he read—
“As one might read a letter to his children”—
His brief, immortal tribute to those heroes
Who did not die in vain. Thus have I come
Within the mortal radius of that life
Whose shortened day now spans Eternity.

However much to me, all this is little,
And words that tell of it are merely shadows
Which fade, like night, before the radiant sun
Of his vast love and wisdom—he, a prophet,
Pointing the way through broken bonds of serfdom
To a still higher freedom; striking shackles
From minds enslaved by Fear and Greed and Hatred—
Seeing, through angry storm-clouds of rebellion

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

And evil mists of enmity and malice,
The noblest state of what our fathers fought for—
A government of, by and for the people!—
The only fit memorial for him.

For him who showed that birth is high or lowly
Only as deeds and character decree;
That Love and Laughter are the master levers;
That Heart is, after all, arch counsellor!—
A jesting spirit with a heart of tears,
Who started lonely down the road of life
Serene and unafraid; who saw the need
For common sense and courage—constant need
Which still abides—and seeing, took his place
And played his part with fortitude past praise.

For all that we can say or sing of him
Is lost like star-light in the cloudless noon
Of all he was and did! Only when we
Turn from vain boasts and chanted glorying
To frankly own our myriad mistakes
And, with the sword his spirit has unsheathed,
Fight for the rights of man as paramount
To any other holdings under heaven;
Only when we forget, as he forgot,
The paltry things that wither in the plucking,

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

And dedicate hearth, soul and strength of being
To Truth—however large the sacrifice—
Can we begin to fitly praise this soul
Which shines for Equity in deathless day!

LEIGH MITCHELL HODGES

TO THE SPIRIT OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

*Reunion at Gettysburg, twenty-five years after the
battle*

SHADE of our greatest, O look down to-day!
Here the long, dread midsummer battle roared,
And brother in brother plunged the accursèd sword;
Here foe meets foe once more in proud array,
Yet not as one to harry and to slay,
But to strike hands, and with sublime accord
Weep tears heroic for the souls that soared
Quick from earth's carnage to the starry way.
Each fought for what he deemed the people's good,
And proved his bravery by his offered life,
And sealed his honour with his outpoured blood;
But the Eternal did direct the strife,
And on this sacred field one patriot host
Now calls thee father—dear, majestic ghost!

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

LINCOLN

I.

LIKE a gaunt, scraggly pine
Which lifts its head above the mournful sandhills;
And patiently, through dull years of bitter silence,
Untended and uncared for, starts to grow.

Ungainly, labouring, huge,
The wind of the north has twisted and gnarled its
 branches;
Yet in the heat of midsummer days, when thunderclouds
 ring the horizon,
A nation of men shall rest beneath its shade.

And it shall protect them all,
Hold every one safe there, watching aloof in silence;
Until at last one mad stray bolt from the zenith
Shall strike it in an instant down to earth.

II.

There was a darkness in this man; an immense and
 hollow darkness,
Of which we may not speak, nor share with him, nor
 enter;

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

A darkness through which strong roots stretched down-
wards into the earth

Towards old things;

Towards the herdman-kings who walked the earth and
spoke with God,

Towards the wanderers who sought for they knew not
what, and found their goal at last;

Towards the men who waited, only waited patiently when
all seemed lost

Many bitter winters of defeat;

Down to the granite of patience

These roots swept, knotted, fibrous roots, prying, piercing,
seeking,

And drew from the living rock and the living waters
about it

The red sap to carry upwards to the sun.

Not proud, but humble,

Only to serve and pass on, to endure to the end through
service;

For the axe is laid at the roots of the trees, and all that
bring not forth good fruit

Shall be cut down on the day to come and cast into the
fire.

LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

III.

There is a silence abroad in the land to-day,
And in the hearts of men, a deep and anxious silence;
And, because we are still at last, those bronze lips slowly
 open,
Those hollow and weary eyes take on a gleam of light.

Slowly a patient, firm-syllabled voice cuts through the
 endless silence

Like labouring oxen that drag a plough through the chaos
 of rude clay-fields:

I went forward as the light goes forward in early spring,
But there were also many things which I left behind.

Tombs that were quiet;

One, of a mother, whose brief light went out in the
 darkness,

One, of a loved one, the snow on whose grave is long
 falling,

One, only of a child, but it was mine.

Have you forgot your graves? Go, question them in
 anguish,

Listen long to their unstirred lips. From your hostages
 to silence,

Learn there is no life without death, no dawn without
 sunsetting,

No victory but to him who has given all.

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

IV.

The clamour of cannon dies down, the furnace-mouth of
the battle is silent.

The midwinter sun dips and descends, the earth takes on
afresh its bright colours.

But he whom we mocked and obeyed not, he whom we
scorned and mistrusted,

He has descended, like a god, to his rest.

Over the uproar of cities,

Over the million intricate threads of life wavering and
crossing,

In the midst of problems we know not, tangling, per-
plexing, ensnaring,

Rises one white tomb alone.

Beam over it, stars,

Wrap it 'round, stripes—stripes red for the pain that he
bore for you—

Enfold it forever, O flag, rent, soiled, but repaired
through your anguish;

Long as you keep him there safe, the nations shall bow
to your law.

Strew over him flowers:

Blue forget-me-nots from the North, and the bright pink
arbutus

From the East, and from the West rich orange blossom,
But from the heart of the land take the passion flower;

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

Rayed, violet, dim,
With the nails that pierced, the cross that he bore and
the circlet,
And beside it there lay also one lonely snow-white mag-
nolia,
Bitter for remembrance of the healing which has passed.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT

IT is portentous, and a thing of state
That here at midnight, in our little town
A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,
Near the old court-house pacing up and down,

Or, by his homestead, or in shadowed yards
He lingers where his children used to play,
Or through the market, on the well-worn stones
He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
A famous high top hat and a plain worn shawl
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,
The prairie-lawyer, master of us all.

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.
He is among us—as in times before!
And we who toss and lie awake for long
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks on men and kings.
Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?
Too many peasants fight, they know not why;
Too many homesteads in black terror weep.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT—[*Continued*]

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.
He sees the dreadnaughts scouring every main.
He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now
The bitterness, the folly and the pain.

He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn
Shall come;—the shining hope of Europe free:
The league of sober folk, the Workers' Earth,
Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp and Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,
That all his hours of travail here for men
Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace
That he may sleep upon his hill again?

NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY

HE LEADS US STILL

DARE we despair? Through all the nights and days
Of lagging war he kept his courage true.
Shall doubt befog our eyes? A darker haze
But proved the faith of him who ever knew
That right must conquer. May we cherish hate
For our poor griefs, when never word nor deed
Of rancour, malice, spite of low or great,
In his large soul one poison-drop could breed?

He leads us still! O'er chasms yet unspanned
Our pathway lies; the work is but begun;
But we shall do our part and leave our land
The mightier for noble battles won.
Here truth must triumph, honour must prevail:
The nation Lincoln died for cannot fail!

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

X. LINCOLN'S CENTENARY AND OTHER
BIRTHDAYS

*“Hail, Lincoln, to thy spirit, upon this day,
Which saw thy birth, and saw in thee a child
Born for a mission beautiful.”*

LINCOLN: AN ODE

LET silence sink upon the hills and vales!
Over the towns where smoke and clangour tell
Their glad and sorrowfully noble tales
Of women bent with care, of men who labour
well,
Let silence sink and peace and rest from toil,
Oh, vast machines, be still! Oh, hurrying men,
Eddying like chaff upon the frothy moil
Of seething waters, rest! In tower and den,
High in the heavens, deep in the cavernous ground,
There where men's hearts like pulsing engines bound,
Let silence lull with loving hands the sound.

Silence—ah, through the silence, clear and strong,
Surging like wind-driven breakers, sweeps a song!
Out of the North, loud from storm-beaten strings,
Out of the East, with strife-born ardour loud,
Out of the West, youthful and glad and proud,
The cry of honour, honour, honour! rings.
And clear with trembling mouth,
Sipping in dreams the bitter cup, the South
Magnanimous unfeigned tribute brings.

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

LINCOLN: AN ODE—[*Continued*]

Oh, prosperous millions, hush your grateful cries!

The sanctity of things not of this earth

Broods on this place—

Wide things and essences that have their birth

In the unwalled, unmeasured homes of space;

Spirits of men that went and left no trace,

Only their labour to attest their worth

In the world's tear-dim, unforgetting eyes:

Spirits of heroes! Hark!

Through the shadow-mists, the dark,

Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of marchers, living,
who were cold and stark!

Hear the bugle, hear the fife!

How they scorn the grave!

Oh, on earth is love and life

For the noble, for the brave.

And it's tread, tread, tread!

From the camp-fires of the dead,

Oh, they're marching, they are marching with their

Captain at their head!

Greet them who have gone before!

Spread with rose and bay the floor—

They have come, oh, they have come, back once more!

Give for the soldier the cheer,

For the messmate the welcoming call,

But for him, the noblest of all,

Silence and reverence here.

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"LINCOLN'S THOUGHT"

HEAD OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN PLASTER BY GEORGE GREY BARNARD

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

LINCOLN: AN ODE—[*Continued*]

For you the lashing winds and the beating rain in your
 eyes,
For us the ascending stars and the wide, unbounded
 skies.

Oh, man of storms! Patient and kingly soul!

 Oh, wise physician of a wasted land!

 A nation felt upon its heart your hand,

And lo, your hand hath made the shattered whole.

With iron clasp your hand hath held the wheel

Of the lurching ship, on tempest waves, no keel

 Hath ever sailed.

 A grim smile held your lips while strong men
 quailed.

 You strove alone with chaos and prevailed;

You felt the grinding shock and did not reel.

And, ah, your hand that cut the battle's path

Wide with the devastating plague of wrath,

 Your bleeding hand, gentle with pity yet,

 Did not forget

To bless, to succour, and to heal.

Great brother to the lofty and the low,

 Our tears, our tears give tribute! A dark throng,

 With fetters of hereditary wrong

Chained, serf-like, in the choking dust of wo,

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THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

LINCOLN: AN ODE—[*Continued*]

Lifts up its arms to you, lifts up its cries!
Oh, you, who knew all anguish, in whose eyes,
 Pity, with tear-stained face,
Kept her long vigil o'er the severed lands
 For friend and foe, for race and race;
You, to whom all were brothers, by the strands
 Of spirit, of divinity,
 Bound not to colour, church, or sod,
 Only to man, only to God;
You, to whom all beneath the sun
 Moved to one hope, one destiny—
 Lover of liberty, oh, make us free!
Lover of union, Master, make us one!

Master of men and of your own great heart,
 We stand to reverence, we cannot praise.
 About our upward-straining orbs, the haze
Of earthly things, the strife, the mart,
 Rises and dims the far-flung gaze.
 We cannot praise!
We are too much of earth, our teeming minds,
Made master of the beaten seas and of the conquered
 winds,
 Master of mists and the subservient air,
Too sure, too earthly wise,
Have mocked the soul within that asks a nobler prize,
 And hushed her prayer.

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

LINCOLN: AN ODE—[*Continued*]

We know the earth, we know the starry skies,
And many gods and stange philosophies;
 But you, because you opened like a gate
 Your soul to God, and knew not pride nor hate,
Only the Voice of voices whispering low—
You, oh my Master, you we cannot know.

 Oh, splendid crystal, in whose depths the light
 Of God refracted healed the hearts of men,
 Teach us your power!

 For all your labour is a withered flower
 Thirsting for sunbeams in a murky den,
Unless a voice shatters as once the night,
 Crying, Emancipation! yet again.
For we are slaves to petty, temporal things,
 Whipped with the cords of prejudice, and bound
Each to his race, his creeds, his kings,
 Each to his plot of sterile ground,
 His narrow-margined daily round.
Man is at war with man and race with race.
We gaze into the brother's face
 And never see the crouching, hungry pain.
 Only the clanking of the slavish chain
We hear, that holds us to our place.

 Oh, to be free, oh, to be one!
 Shoulder to shoulder to strive and to dare!
 What matter the race if the labour be done,
 What matter the colour if God be there?

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

LINCOLN: AN ODE—[Continued]

Forward together, onward to the goal!
Oh, mighty Chief, who in your own great soul,
 Hung with the fetters of a lowly birth,
 The kinship of the visionless, the obstinate touch of
 earth,
Broke from the tethering slavery, and stood
Unbound, translucent, glorious before God!—
Be with us, Master! These unseeing eyes
 Waken to light, our erring, groping hands
 Unfetter for a world's great needs!
 Till, like Creation's dawning, golden through the
 lands
Leaping, and up th' unlit, unconquered skies
 Surging with myriad steeds,
There shall arise
Out of the maze of clashing destinies,
 Out of the servitude of race and blood,
 One flag, one law, one hope, one brotherhood.

HERMANN HAGEDORN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

1809—1909

“The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearth-stone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.”

NO trumpet blared the word that he was born,
Nor lightning flashed its symbols on the day;
And only Poverty and Fate pressed on
To serve as handmaids where he lowly lay.

No royal trappings fell to his rude part—
A simple hut and labour were its goal;
But Fate, stern-eyed, had held him to her heart,
And left a greatness on his rugged soul.

And up from earth and toil he slowly won—
Pressed by a bitterness he proudly spurned—
Till by grim courage, born from sun to sun,
He turned defeat as victory is turned.

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

Sired deep in destiny, he backward threw
The old heredities that men have known;
And round his gaunt and homely form he drew
The fierce white light that greatness makes its own.

Sad-eyed and wan, yet strong to do the right—
To clear the truth, as God gave him to see—
He held a raging country by his might,
Before the iron hour of destiny.

Nor flame nor sword nor silver tongues availed
To turn his passion from its steady flow;
The compact of the Fathers had not failed—
He would not let an angered people go!

He stood in calm while shaking chaos swept
The Union—North and South, in seething flood;
And on his knees the griefs of both he wept—
But kept unbroke the compact sealed in blood.

He saw the sullen smoke of battle lift,
That closed the carnage of the war of wars;
And on the height, hailed through the azure rift
The flag whose folds have never dipped its stars.

But amnesty was in the conquering hand,
That yearned across the silent cannon's mouth;—
When, with the knell that startled all the land,
There died the last hope of the bleeding South!

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

With gentle tread time wears upon the past;
The field of blood is dried, the waste is tilled,
And by the light of peace around them cast,
Men read the earnest prophecy, fulfilled.

There is no wo in this broad land to-day,
Held in the bonds of faith, forever one;
The golden glow of progress leads the way,
Where once the guns of wrath so darkly shone.

Here rest their arms, while deathless glory tells
The watch of time for all the true and brave—
And here the grandeur of a Nation dwells—
The Union, that a Lincoln died to save!

VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE

The above tribute from Mrs. Boyle, written at the invitation of the Philadelphia Brigade Association, and read by her at their centennial celebration, Feb. 12, 1909, was born of a life-long feeling of gratitude to President Lincoln. When the author's father, an officer of the Confederate army, was ill in the military prison at Johnson's Island, and through some mysterious channels, perhaps Masonic, her mother heard that he was dying of pneumonia and starvation at a time when all Confederate visitors were forbidden the Island, she made the trip to Washington alone, and returned with a permit to see her husband, written by President Lincoln on his visiting card. Armed with this highest authority she was able to pass the officials and save her husband's life by providing proper food and care.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

February 12, 1809

AS back we look across the ages
A few great figures meet the eye—
Kings, prophets, warriors, poets, sages—
Whose names and deeds will never die.

The rest are all forgotten, perished,
Like trees in trackless forests vast,
But those whose memory men have cherished
Seem living still and have no past.

Not always of high race or royal
These messengers of God to men,
But lowly-born, true-hearted, loyal,
They wielded sword or brush or pen.

Such was our Lincoln, who forever
Is hailed as Freer of the Slave,
Whose lofty purpose and endeavour
New hope to hopeless bondmen gave.

Gaunt, hewed as if from rugged boulders,
He bore a world of care and wo,
Which creased his brow and bent his shoulders,
And as a martyr laid him low.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY—[*Continued*]

And so we tell our sons his story,
We celebrate his humble birth,
And crown his deeds with all the glory
That men can offer on this earth.

Hail, Lincoln! As the swift years lengthen
Still more majestic grows thy fame;
The ties that bind us to thee strengthen;
Starlike-immortal shines thy name.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

LINCOLN'S HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY

February 12, 1909

WE name a day and thus commemorate
The hero of our nation's bitter strife;
The martyr who for freedom gave his life.
We feel the day made holy by his fate.

The wheels of time then turn their ceaseless round,
And slowly wear our memory away:
The holy day becomes a holiday;
Its motive changes with its change of sound.

Let not our purpose thus be set aside:
An hour, 'twixt work and pleasure, let us pause,
And consecrate ourselves to serve the cause
For which our hero strove, our martyr died.

He lived to reunite our severed land;
To liberate a million slaves he died,
And that the great experiment be tried
Where each one ruled, in ruling has a hand.

LINCOLN'S HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY—[*Continued*]

What tho' the pessimists, amid their fears,
The great experiment to failure doom.
Let us recall his trust in time of gloom,
And steadfast persevere a thousand years.

Tho' sure that victories will yet be won,
Like those our fathers gained laboriously,
'Tis not for us to boast vaingloriously
As if our battles were already done.

Our elders might have sung with better grace
The verse that vaunts us ever free and brave,
Had not our land so long oppressed the slave,
Stolen from over sea, to our disgrace.

Yet in our pride, how little right have we
To blame our elders for an ancient wrong
That gave the weak in bondage to the strong.
Are we ourselves so wholly brave and free?

Yes, with primeval courage, brave and strong,
When banded 'gainst a foe; yes, free from kings—
But not so brave and free in smaller things
That we should celebrate *ourselves* in song.

Not that it counts for naught that we have grown
To be the leaders of a continent,
And not that we could be for long content
'Mid any other folk except our own.



Interior of the Hodgenville Lincoln Memorial Building sheltering the cabin in which Lincoln was born. Both were accepted for the nation by President Wilson September 4, 1916.



THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL BUILDING, ERECTED ON THE LINCOLN FARM AT HODGENSVILLE, KENTUCKY

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

LINCOLN'S HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY—[*Continued*]

But that we must not lightly over-rate
Our qualities: if on our faults I lay
A certain emphasis, 'tis not to-day
Ourselves, but Lincoln whom we celebrate.

For he was brave, a true American—
Unselfish, kindly, patient, firm, discerning,
His honest, homely wisdom outweighed learning;
He stood for service to his fellow man.

How think of him and not condemn the use
Of public office serving private ends,
Of petty fraud, for which each one pretends
To find in others' frauds his own excuse?

How can we think of him and not repent
The shaded line we draw 'twixt wrong and right;
Of him, and not resolve with all our might
To carry on the great experiment?

If most of us have no great tasks to do,
Let us, like him, be faithful in things small.
Our nation's drama makes us actors all;
If only splitting rails, we'll split them true.

If troubles thicken, let us still deserve
To solve them all as Lincoln would to-day;
If dangers threaten, let us not betray
The cause that Lincoln, living yet, would serve.

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

LINCOLN'S HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY—[*Continued*]

Here in a distant foreign land we pause,
'Twixt work and pleasure, to commemorate
His noble life. So let us consecrate
Ourselves to play our part in Lincoln's cause.

WILLIAM MORRIS DAVIS

This poem was read by its author (then Harvard Exchange-Professor at the University of Berlin) at the celebration of the Lincoln Centenary held at the home of the American Ambassador and Mrs. Hill, in Berlin, on the afternoon of Feb. 12, 1909.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

A SACRED day is this—
 day to bless;
A day that leads to bliss
 Through bitterness.
For on this day of days,
 One wondrous morn,
In far off forest ways
 Was Lincoln born!

Who supped the cup of tears,
 Who ate the bread
Of sorrow and of fears,
 Of war and dread;
Yet from this feast of woes,
 His people's pride,
A loved immortal rose
 All glorified!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

BANNER MEMORIES

A Poem for Abraham Lincoln's Birthday

THE lone ship plunges on her trackless way,
Her guide and faithful needle pointing North.
The sleepless watchman, silent, gazes forth
To sight the changes of the night and day.
The immeasurable waste of blue or grey,
Its fluent hills and hollows splashed with foam,
With rainbow-tinted flowers of flashing spray,
Lies cold and solemn 'neath heaven's circling dome.
For hour on hour no bird's wing flecks the sky;
The same monotonous sweep of barren brine
Wearies the homesick voyager's mournful eye
Which yearns to catch some heart-consoling sign.

"A sail! a sail!" rings out the thrilling cry.
Sudden athwart the keen horizon-line
Struggles a dim, indefinite cloud to view,
Half-blending, half-contrasting, with the blue,
But momentarily enlarging, till, at last,
Full-rigged with canvas straining at each mast—
A vision of beauty in wind-cleansed dazzling white—
A deep-hulled ship dawns full in sight,

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

BANNER MEMORIES—[*Continued*]

Rising and dipping on those mountainous seas.

Then, if perchance that ship bears at the height
Of swaying mast-top, wide-spread on the breeze,

The traveller's home flag, faded though it fly,
He feels that he must fall upon his knees

In adoration of its majesty.
It stirs his pulses, fills his eyes with tears,
Makes him forget his grief and loneliness;
It wakes the sailors' voices into cheers—
Has magic power to kindle and to bless!

What is the magic of the flag?

What influence holds
Within its graceful folds,
That, though it be a smoke-grimed rag,
Faded and frayed and tattered,
Strife-eager men will die
To hold it high
Before the cannon belching shotted fire;
And, if it drop
From out the colour-sergeant's hands,
The hero marching next will stop
Only to seize with death desire
Its blood-stained staff all shattered,
And lift it onward for the following bands
To get fresh courage by?

BANNER MEMORIES—[*Continued*]

How can its alternating stripes
 Of white and red,
Its star-sown field of azure,
Unite in one enthusiasm none may measure
A hundred varying human types—
 Those who have fled
From Persecution's cruel trial,
 Or who in Freedom's cause their blood have shed—
Russian and Hebrew, Finn and Persian;
 And those who save, by rigid self-denial,
The meagre sum to justify desertion
Of Fatherland's intolerance unpaternal;
 And those who have escaped Conscription's curse,
 Or, what is worse,
 Some bitter internecine War's
 Wild aftermath infernal;
 And those whose ancestors
Came hither for Religion's sake
 With lofty zeal to make
 A Paradise of God
Within a primitive wilderness untrod?
 What is the magic power
Which makes its beauty lovelier than a flower?

It is the symbol of a majesty,
A vast idea, a concept that appeals
 To ignorant and to learned equally,
To every heart that feels.

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

BANNER MEMORIES—[*Continued*]

It is the gonfalon of Liberty;
Its bright escutcheon stands
To differentiate from other lands
Our home-land—land where we were born,
Or new-born, into Freedom's light.
Its mission is to welcome or to warn—
To stream across the sky,
Portentous as a comet,
That fierce aggression's might
May read the threat of vengeance from it;
Or, softly beaming with effulgence bright,
To feed the imagination of the young
With hope and fervour for the Right
And love for every nation, every tongue.
Its thirteen alternating bars
Rehearse the legend of a Nation's birth:
The glorious Red
Is symbol of the patriotic life-blood shed,
Whose flower of fame we have inherited;
The White is Peace, Good-will to Earth;
The growing constellation
Of dominating Stars
Is hieroglyphic
And typifies the increase of the Nation
From Lakes to Gulf, Atlantic to Pacific.

I stood within the marble-vaulted hall,
Where, in tricoloured groups assembled,

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

BANNER MEMORIES—[*Continued*]

The battle banners, bullet-torn,
With years of service worn,
Mantled with never-dying glory,
Depicted national history on the wall.
Those silent testimonials breathed the story
Of bloody conflict, while the Country trembled.
The memorable names were scrolled
Upon each drooping fold—
Antietam, Chickamauga, Gettysburg—
Duels by sea and on the streams
Whose waters into blood were turned,
Battles above the clouds, where the Simurgh
Of Oriental dreams
Spread out his threescore wings,
And, in deep mourning, yearned
Above the elemental strife
Whose gage was a vast Nation's life!

Methought I was a boy again,
And, standing by the old brick homestead's gate,
Watched, filing by, the troops of friendly men
That left the tree-embowered village,
The calm and peaceful rustic life,
The evening's dewy stillness
And the sweet fields of homely tillage,
To march away and meet their waiting Fate
Of death and ghastly wounds and life-long illness
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THE LINCOLN HOME AT SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS
From a war-time photograph

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

BANNER MEMORIES—[*Continued*]

I heard the drum-tap and the shrilling fife
And the gaunt captain's stern commands
Resounding quick and loud.
I saw the new flag, sewed by women's hands,
Waving, as yet unsmoke-stained, bright and
proud!
Oh! how I mourned because I was a boy
And could not share that patriotic joy
Of marching Southward with those death-devoted bands!

Such was the scene in every town and city
Throughout the universal North:
Husbands and fathers, lovers, sons and brothers,
With fond devotion hastening forth,
While in the desolate homes despairing mothers
Stripped lint, made bandages with holy pity
Alike for wounded friend and brave, misguided foe,
And wept at each report of War's wide-wasting wo!
For this, as well as our far-spread dominion,
The glorious flag is symbol as it floats
Above each school house, like the pinion
Of some great watchful bird
Whose sweet mellifluous notes
Within the patriotic heart are heard.
To-day, thank God! that radiant flag again—
By North and South united
With faith and lealty voluntary-plighted

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

BANNER MEMORIES—[*Continued*]

Throughout our marvellously dowered domain—
Is like a precious jewel treasured
With love and gratitude unmeasured,
By countless millions of free, happy men!

Millions have died to shield it and would die!
Our martyr Lincoln's blood was shed
Upon the altar that it still might fly
Unmutilated in our Freedom-breathing sky.
He was the colour-bearer for the dead
That marched in concentrating columns into fame,
The heroic souls that kept the sacred flame
Of heaven-descended Liberty
With Patriotism's chrismal oil bright-fed!

Fling forth the banner, then,
On Lincoln's natal day!
Recall this simple-hearted Prince of men:
Tall, gaunt, ungainly,
Who spoke the frontier speech so eloquently, plainly,
Whose sane wit kept the balance true
'Twixt rainbow-hued fallacious hope
And dark unreasoning despair;
Whose vivid intuition knew
The upward-leading, goal-assuring clue
Through darkness where more learned statesmen grope
And fall because they have no faith to do and dare!

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

BANNER MEMORIES—[*Continued*]

He was the God-commissioned leader sent
To guide his people through the Wilderness.
When in the seeming fatal ambush pent,
His courage bade him, victory-haloed, onward press.
His heart was firm, his arms were stayed;
Discouragement in vain assailed;
Defeat still left him undismayed;
And thus the long hard passage to the Promised Land,
In spite of cruel and malicious prophecies
And traitors' evil offices,
Was made as his great heart and mind had planned.

Yet, like the earlier Moses, he was not allowed,
With those he rescued from the foe, to stand
(With swift temptation to be proud)
Upon the sacred soil.

His was the burden and the toil;
And when the grapes of Eschol purple-clustering,
The smiling pastures of the violet hills,
The fertile plains, the shade-dispersing trees,
The cooling waters of the sweet fresh rills,
The fragrance of the blossom-sweeping breeze,
The sleepy murmur of the honey-storing bees,
After the desert sand-storms blustering,
Offered their riches and he might find rest,
The assassin's weapon smote his friendly breast!

BANNER MEMORIES—[*Continued*]

Fling forth the banner, then—

 The star-emblazoned field of blue,

 The waving stripes which once Columbia threw

Over the tear-drenched death pyre of her martyred Citizen.

Fling forth the banner trimmed with laurel and with rue!

O, let the clangorous bell-tones ring

And all the reverence of the Nation bring

In honour of the man more royal than the mightiest king.

O, greet the symbol of our Mother-land,

 Columbia, freedom-dowered,

 In whose great heart the antique virtues all have flowered,

So opulent, so generous, so grand.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

ON LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

A DAY of joy, a holiday!
A day in festal colours drest
To honour one who knew not play,
Nor ever tasted rest!

O Man of Sorrows and of Tears,
Would we might bring to you
Back through the pathway of dead years
One touch of comfort true!

Would that your eyes might penetrate
The shadows in between,
Through all the clouds of war and hate
And mists that intervene,

Into the hearts of all the throng
Of living men, to find
Your name and fame the first among
The treasures of mankind!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: AN ELEGY

Dedicated to President Woodrow Wilson

HAIL, Lincoln, to thy spirit, upon this day,
Which saw thy birth, and saw in thee a child
Born for a mission beautiful, and laid,
Like the babe Jesus, wrapt in lowliness,
Upon the threshold of a shining year!

Who but his mother round that little head
Glimpsed the pale dawn of glory? Who but she
Dreamed of a wondrous halo which he wore
And trembling bowed and worshipped? Who but she
Guessed all around him angels, robed with awe,
And heard a whisper of seraphs? Ah, she knew!
Knew as a mother knows, without surprise,
Her son was born for saving of the sad!
What though on him shone no discovering star,
Were not her eyes, her mother-beaming eyes,
Yet fairer than the fairest orb in heaven?
What though to him no pomp of pilgrim kings,
Adoring, doffed the tribute of their crowns,
Was not her homage precious as their gold?
Thus with the dying swan's wild music, thrilled
With love's prophetic rapture, she foresaw

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: AN ELEGY—[*Continued*]

Him garmented with greatness, saw afar
The future kneel before him. Then a mist
Blotted the sun and blight fell on her dream,
And she stood weeping in a lonely land.

Bred in a low place, lord of little deeds,
He learned to rule his spirit, and he grew
Like the young oak with yearning for the sky.
Yet on his face was sadness, as if grief
Had chilled his singing childhood, ah, too soon,
Or love with her heart-summer came too late!
So with the world he wrestled for his life
And laboured long in silence, his gaunt frame
Knotted with secret agonies; and so
Struggled through darkness upward till he stood
Rugged and resolute, a man of men!

The South was in his blood and kept it warm,
And on his soul the winds of all the North
Beat like a storm of eagles at a crag
And left him granite. Then to his chaste heart
The virgin West sang with siren's voice
And to her arms allured him, and he gave
His deepest love and all his loyal strength.
Thus with austere devotion he foreswore
Plenty and pleasure, hewing through the wilds
Brightening highways, founding the young state
Upon that rock, the liberty of law.

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: AN ELEGY—[*Continued*]

He was a man, amid the throng of men—
A simple man! And though in him was seen
A giant wrestler, strong and grapple-armed,
Mighty in struggle, dauntless, one that loomed
Invincible in battles of debate—
Yet all who knew him loved him, for he hid
The hero with a smile, and seemed instead
Only a king of kindness, showing thus
Unto the proud the majesty of man,
How more than king to be a common man!
His life was one humility, and though
The heights were his, he lingered in the vales,
Yoked to a lowly service many years.
Then came the call, the loud, fierce upward call,
And while the cloudy battle closed around,
While Blue and Grey commingled in a mist
Of glory—then from his dare-kindled eyes
The eagle stared, unquailing, and his look
Like the resistless lightning flashed and flamed;
Yea, from his heart as from a scabbard leaped
The hero like a sword, and with one stroke
Freed the last slave, and all the sleeping world
Woke, and with one great voice of wonder cried,
“This is a Man!”

He knew what kindest word
Would quicken hope and hearten the faint cause;
Homespun his parables from life's rich loom,

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: AN ELEGY—[*Continued*]

Were logical as Nature, and he made
His gentle wisdom wiser with a jest,
While humour like the laughing of the dawn
Gleamed through the cloud that troubled his far eyes.
Some called him homely who forgot to shine,
Who, stooped by a vast burden, yet became
Unto the homeless heart an open home.
And as he walked through dreary human ways
The sad, the poor, the lonely and the lost
Followed his form with long-pursuing love,
And all that saw him marvelled, for they felt
That some dear Christ had sweetened all the air.
Then in that towering moment when he cried,
“There are no boundaries,” and as he bade
Division cease and battle be no more,
When all the happy, now the nation saved,
Bugled of triumph, as he breathed his calm
“Let there be peace,” and peace was over all—
Even then he fell and left us desolate!
But still he lives, for like a banner of gold
His conquering name goes marching on to God;
Who though he set in darkness rose again,
Yea, like the rising universal sun
Summed in one flame the dark-divided stars—
So on this day, above him, where he sleeps,
Over his grave, united, with one grief,
Lo, North and South clasp their forgetting hands!

LEONARD CHARLES VAN NOPPEN

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LINCOLN

February 12, 1917

LET memory whiten her wall,
The wall of that corridor grand
That leads to her innermost hall
Where lives The Beloved of our land.

To-day we will throw back the bar,
That holds him so safely within,
To answer a call from afar—
A prayer from the midst of the din

Where rulers of men have gone wild
With lust for more temporal power;
Where dead in the trenches are piled,
As darker the fierce war-clouds lower;

Where homes are laid waste far and wide,
And mothers and daughters outraged;
Where men like brute devils deride
The pitiful pleas of the aged.

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

From there comes the call loud and clear;
The people's deep heart-rending call--
Great Spirit of Lincoln appear
"With charity," yes, and "for all!"

To us in our time of dire need
Thou cam'st our redeemer and friend;
We kept thee because of our greed
When all we were asked was—to lend.

Such wisdom and justice combined,
Such patience and tenderness rare,
The people are groping to find—
Just groping 'twixt hope and despair.

A continent calls thee, as one—
The door of our greed is ajar—
It needs thy sweet "malice toward none,"
Thy Spirit for its guiding Star!

They shall not implore us in vain—
Our impulse to give has not died—
God speed thee o'er ocean and plain,
Great Soul of America's pride!

E. C. SEWARD

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY, 1918

IT was "fitting and proper," our Lincoln said,
That we should pause and remember our dead,
Our heroes who fought and struggled and bled
At Gettysburg.

And on his glad, sad, natal day
It is fitting and proper that we should stay,
And on his shrine our flowers lay
In memory.

O Lincoln! thine anguish and toil and pain,
The bitter cup which thou didst drain,
Thy travail of soul shall not be vain,
Our martyred one.

The sons of the men who fought with thee,
And sons of those they fought thou'llst see
Fight side by side, and the goal shall be
World liberty.

And the pilot who guides our ship of state
On no uncharted sea need wait;
Thine hand on his is adequate
For victory.

WOODBURY PULSIFER

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY, 1918

WHEN overburdened with its care
My soul seems yielding to despair,
I think of him to whom to-day
All men a golden tribute pay;

Who in the midst of trials sore
His burden uncomplaining bore,
And out of bitterness ran on
To splendid laurels nobly won;

And from the thought of him I too
Gain confidence and courage true,
And faith sublime that thro' the night
Mine eyes will find their way to light.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

THE MAN OF PEACE

WHAT winter holiday is this?
In Time's great calendar,
Marked with the rubric of the saints,
And with a soldier's star,
Here stands the name of one who lived
To serve the common weal,
With humour tender as a prayer
And honour firm as steel.

No hundred hundred years can dim
The radiance of his mirth,
That set unselfish laughter free
From all the sons of earth.
Unswerved through stress and scant success,
Out of his dreamful youth
He kept an unperturbed faith
In the almighty truth.

Born in the fulness of the days,
Up from the teeming soil,
By the world-mother reared and schooled
In reverence and toil,

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

THE MAN OF PEACE—[*Continued*]

He stands the test of all life's best
Through play, defeat, or strain;
Never a moment was he found
Unlovable nor vain.

Fondly we set apart this day,
And mark this plot of earth
To be forever hallowed ground
In honour of his birth,
Where men may come as to a shrine
And temple of the good,
To be made sweet and strong of heart
In Lincoln's brotherhood.

Here walked God's earth in modesty
The shadow that was man,
A shade of the divine that moved
Through His mysterious plan.
So must we fill the larger mould
Of wisdom, love, and power,
Fearless, compassionate, contained,
And masters of the hour,

As men found faithful to a task
Eternal, pressing, plain,
Accounting manhood more than wealth,
And gladness more than gain;

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

THE MAN OF PEACE—[*Continued*]

Distilling happiness from life,
As vigour from the air,
Nor wresting it with ruthless hands,
Spoiling our brother's share.

Here shall our children keep alive
The passion for the right—
The cause of justice in the world,
That was our father's fight.
For this the fair-haired stripling rode,
The dauntless veteran died,
For this we keep the ancient code
In stubbornness and pride.

O South, bring all your chivalry;
And West, give all your heart;
And East, your old, untarnished dreams
Of progress and of art!
Bid waste and war to be no more,
Bid wanton riot cease;
At your command give Lincoln's land
To Paradise—to peace.

BLISS CARMAN

1809—LINCOLN—1909

ONE night while Freedom slept, she dreamed she died,

And waked all pale and trembling—in her plight,
Calling on God to hasten to her side

Some champion from His regiments of light.
He scanned the ranks of heav'n and there espied

One parented by Poverty and Right—
A jesting spirit with a heart of tears—

Who started lonely down the road of years

Serene and unafraid. When the long night
Black with the breath of battle, drew to dawn,
Fading the hosts of Fear in conquered flight,

It showed him cold and still, his soul withdrawn
By God's own hand from its rude sheath of clay
To shine for Liberty in deathless day.

LEIGH MITCHELL HODGES

THE LINCOLN-CHILD

CLEARING in the forest,
In the wild Kentucky forest,
And the stars, wintry stars strewn above!
O Night that is the starriest
Since Earth began to roll—
For a Soul
Is born out of love!
Mother love, father love, love of Eternal God—
Stars have pushed aside to let him through—
Through heaven's sun-down deeps
One sparkling ray of God
Strikes the clod—
(And while an angel-host through wood and clearing
sweeps!)
Born in the Wild
The Child—
Naked, ruddy, new,
Wakes with the piteous human cry and at the mother-
heart sleeps.

To the mother wild berries and honey,
To the father awe without end,
To the child a swaddling of flannel—
And a dawn rolls sharp and sunny

THE LINCOLN-CHILD—[*Continued*]

And the skies of winter bend
To see the first sweet word penned
In the godliest human annal.

Frail Mother of the Wilderness—
How strange the world shines in,
And the cabin becomes a chapel
And the babe lies secure—
Sweet Mother of the Wilderness,
New worlds for you begin,
You have tasted of the apple
That giveth wisdom sure. . . .

Do you dream, as all Mothers dream,
That the child at your heart
Is a marvel apart,
A frail star-beam
Unearthly splendid?
Ah, you are the one mother
Whose dream shall come true,
Though another, not you,
Shall see it ended.

Soon in the wide wilderness,
On a branch blown over a creek,
Up a trail of the wild coon,
In a lair of the wild bee,
The rugged boy, by Danger's stress,
Learnt the speech the wild things speak,

THE LINCOLN-CHILD—[*Continued*]

Learnt the Earth's eternal tune
Of strife-engendered harmony—
Went to school where Life itself was master,
Went to church where Earth was minister—
And in Danger and Disaster
Felt his future manhood stir!

All about him lay the land,
Eastern cities, Western prairie,
Wild, immeasurable, grand,
But he was lost where blossomy boughs make airy
Bowers in the forest, and the sand
Makes brook-water a clear mirror that gives back
Green branches and trunks black
And clouds across the heavens lightly fanned.

Yet all the Future dreams, eager to waken,
Within the woodland soul—
And the bough of boy has only to be shaken
That the fruit drop whereby this Earth shall roll
A little nearer manhood than before.
Little recks he of war,
Of national millions waiting on his word—
Dreams still the Event unstirred
In the heart of the boy, the little babe of the wild—
But the years hurry and the tide of the sea
Of Time flows fast and ebbs, and he, even he,
Must leave the wilderness, the wood-haunts wild—

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

THE LINCOLN-CHILD—[*Continued*]

Soon shall the cyclone of Humanity
Tearing through Earth suck up this little child
And whirl him to the top, where he shall be
Riding the storm-column in the lightning-stroke,
Calm at the peak, while down below worlds rage,
And Earth goes out in blood and battle-smoke,
And leaves him with the sun—an epoch and an age!

Hushed be our hearts, and veneration
Steep us in joy,
Hushed be our mills, while a saved nation
Reveres this boy!
Hushed be our homes, while a holy elation
Makes the heart mild—
Each home has a child
And we worship a race of Lincolns in each that we love!
No, they may not stand above
The storm and steer the States,
These little children that are born from us—
No, they may no Lincolns prove
In the grandeur of their fates—
But Lincolns let them be in the heart and in the soul—
Even thus
Shall our Earth again toward God a little swifter, nearer
roll,
Even thus
Shall our children touch the stars where we have only
glimpsed the Goal.

THE LINCOLN-CHILD—[*Continued*]

Even thus and only thus
Through the Future's arch-like span
May they go American!
In his spirit shall they grow,
To his law they shall be bound,
With his light of God shall glow,
With his love of Man be crowned!

Think of the miracle!
A child so like our child,
A babe born in the wild,
A little clod of clay, sweet blossoming and beautiful,
Earth that is dumb and dead,
Earth risen in child-shape,
And suddenly agape
Are the eyes and lips, and spread
Is the heart and coiled the brain—
And lo, the Silences are slain—
In our Wilderness of Silence where we were only two,
Man and Wife,
Comes this third and like the voice of God breaks through
With his life—
And he answers back our Silence with his babbling, wordy
 strife—
Born of woman,
Born of man,
He is human
And he can



THE LINCOLN SPRING FROM WHICH LINCOLN DRANK WHEN A CHILD,
ON THE LINCOLN FARM AT HODGENSVILLE, KENTUCKY

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

THE LINCOLN-CHILD—[*Continued*]

Grow beyond us in the grandeur we began!
And none greater than this boy
Whom this day
We revere with holy joy,
And we thank the stars the clay
In Kentucky took on human shape and spoke,
In the Wilderness awoke,
In the woodlands grew a creature of the wild,
This February child!

And lo, as he grew, ugly, gaunt,
And gnarled his way into a man,
What wisdom came to feed his want,
What worlds came near to let him scan—
And as he fathomed through and through
Our dark and sorry human scheme,
He knew what Shakespeare never knew,
What Dante never dared to dream—
That Men are one
Beneath the sun,
And one in life are equal souls—
This truth was his,
And this it is
That round him such a glory rolls—
For not alone he knew it as a truth,
He made it of his blood and of his brain—
He crowned it on the day when piteous Booth

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

THE LINCOLN-CHILD—[*Continued*]

Sent a whole land to weeping with world-pain—
When a black cloud blotted the sun
And men stopped in the streets to sob,
To think Old Abe was dead—
Dead, and the day's work still undone,
Dead, and war's ruining heart athrob,
And earth with fields of carnage freshly spread—
Millions died fighting,
But in this man we mourned
Those millions, and one other—
And the States to-day uniting,
North and South,
East and West,
Speak with a people's mouth
A rhapsody of rest
To him our beloved best,
Our big, gaunt, homely brother—
Our huge Atlantic coast-storm in a shawl,
Our cyclone in a smile—our President,
Who knew and loved us all
With love more eloquent
Than his own words—with Love that in real deeds was
spent.

Shelley's was a world of Love,
Carlyle's was a world of Work,
But Lincoln's was a world above
That of a dreamer or a clerk—

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

THE LINCOLN-CHILD—[*Continued*]

Lincoln wed the one to the other—
Made his a world where love gets into deeds—
Where man was more than merely brother,
Where the high Love was meeting human needs!
And lo, he made this plan
Memorably American!
Through all his life this mighty Faith unfurled!
Oh, let us see, and let us know
That if our hearts could catch his glow
A faith like Lincoln's would transform the world!

Oh, to pour love through deeds—
To be as Lincoln was!
That all the land might fill its daily needs
Glorified by a human Cause!
Then were America a vast World-Torch
Flaming a faith across the dying Earth,
Proclaiming from the Atlantic's rocky porch
That a New World was struggling at the Birth!

Ah, is this not the day
That rolls the Earth back to that mighty hour
When the sweet babe in the log-cabin lay
And God was in the room, a Presence and a Power?—
When all was sacred—even the father's heart—
And the stirred Wilderness stood still,
And roaring flume and shining hill
Felt the workings of God's Will?

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

THE LINCOLN-CHILD—[*Continued*]

O living God, O Thou who living art,
And real, and near, draw, as at that babe's birth,
Into our souls and sanctify our Earth—
Let down Thy strength that we endure
Mighty and pure
As mothers and fathers of our own Lincoln-child—
Make us more wise, more true, more strong, more mild,
That we may day by day
Rear this wild blossom through its soft petals of clay,
That hour by hour
We may endow it with more human power
Than is our own—
That it may reach the goal
Our Lincoln long has shown!—
O Child—flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone,
Soul torn from out our Soul!
May you be great, and pure, and beautiful—
A Soul to search this world
To be a father, brother, comrade, son,
A toiler powerful,
A man with strength unfurled,
A man whose toil is done
One with God's Law above,
Work wrought through Love!

JAMES OPPENHEIM

XI. MISCELLANIES

*“Grave was his visage, but no cloud could dull
The radiance from within that made it beautiful.”*



ABRAHAM LINCOLN AS HE LOOKED IN 1864

ON A PICTURE OF LINCOLN

I READ once more this care-worn, patient face,
And learn anew that sorrow is the dower
Of him that sinks himself to lift his race
Into the seat of peace and power.

How beautiful the homely features grow,
How soft the light from out the mild, sad eyes,
The gleam from deeps of grief the soul must know
To be so great—so kind, so wise!

JOHN VANCE CHENEY

HIS FACE

THEY tell you Lincoln was ungainly, plain?

To some he seemed so: true.
Yet in his look was charm to gain

E'en such as I, who knew
With how confirmed a will he tried
To overthrow a cause for which I would have died.

The sun may shine with naught to shroud

Its beam, yet show less bright
Than when from out eclipsing cloud

It pours its radiant light;
And Lincoln, seen amid the shows of war
Clothed in his sober black, was somehow felt the more

To be a centre and a soul of power—

An influence benign
To kindle in a faithless hour
New trust in the divine.

Grave was his visage, but no cloud could dull
The radiance from within that made it beautiful.

A prisoner, when I saw him first—

Wounded and sick for home—
His presence soothed my yearning's thirst
While yet his lips were dumb;

HIS FACE—[*Continued*]

For such compassion as his countenance wore
I had not seen nor felt in human face before.

And when, low-bending o'er his foe,
 He took in his firm hand
My wasted one, I seemed to know
 We two were of one Land;
And as my cheek flushed warm with young surprise,
God's pity looked on me from Lincoln's sorrowing eyes.

His prisoner I was from then—
 Love makes surrender sure—
'And though I saw him not again,
 Some memories endure,
'And I am glad my untaught worship knew
His the divinest face I ever looked into!
 FLORENCE EARLE COATES

THE EYES OF LINCOLN

SAD eyes, that were patient and tender, sad eyes, that were steadfast and true, and warm with the unchanging splendour of courage no ills could subdue. Eyes dark with the dread of the morrow, and wo for the day that was gone, the sleepless companions of sorrow, the watchers that witness the dawn. Eyes tired from the clamour and goading, and dim from the stress of the years, and hallowed by pain and foreboding, and strained by repression of tears. Sad eyes that were wearied and blighted by visions of sieges and wars, now watch o'er a country united from the luminous slopes of the stars.

WALT MASON

A LINCOLN LEGEND

“The farmers in central Illinois claim that the brown thrush did not sing for a year after he died.”—From Nicolay and Hay’s *Life of Abraham Lincoln*.

JUST fifty years ago to-day
The brown thrush checked its liquid song! How
 could

It thrill its roundelay when one who loved
All helpless things lay mute and cold! When hands
Which oft had raised the fallen fledglings up
And placed them gently back in their home nest
Were smitten down—forever stilled! Not for
A year, the legends say, did throistles sing
Again. Then o’er the hushed and mourning world
They poured their carols forth once more—as though
Rejoicing that the spirit-dawn, for which
Their comrade hourly prayed, had broken o’er
The stricken earth. Time’s healing touch but more
Endeared that tender, all-compassionate heart
Whose deathless fame has now become world wide—
As universal as the air, as high
And deeply rooted as the rugged hills.

CHARLOTTE BREWSTER JORDAN

A BIRD IN LINCOLN'S TOMB

WHAT name is this? Art more than voice
Song-bird thou canst not be!
Thou seemest neither to rejoice
Nor mourn, with tones so free!

With slow, delaying, pilgrim feet,
Like one within the vail,
I pause to rest, and tones more sweet
Commingle with thy wail!

Lo! all the choristers of Spring,
Around this holy spot,
Tender returning strophes sing,
For Lincoln unforgot!

.

Beside Ohio's curving stream,
On that death-darkened morn,
The rush of an appalling dream
To my young ears was born.

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

A BIRD IN LINCOLN'S TOMB—[*Continued*]

Assassination! Ingrate word!
Millions wept long and sore;
My little life was sadly stirred—
Time moved it more and more.

Oh, priceless boon! I've lived to count
My country's pulse with mine;
In love to climb this sacred mount
That holds this precious shrine!

What more is grief, or bliss, or care,
The space left one to breathe?—
Hands that have touched this granite fair
No other urn would wreath.

The lilacs of that April day
Drooped when our Martyr fell,
When his vast land in mourning lay,
And none its wo could tell.

Pity the woman's heart that here
No dew hath left to shed!
Condole the man who owns no tear
For this most noble dead!

We charge you, guard his ashes well!
From year to year your guard
The pathos of his death shall tell—
No more could bay or bard.

A BIRD IN LINCOLN'S TOMB—[*Continued*]

Statesmen of his devoted state,
Where once the Illini
Numbered their hordes, a people great,
For progress doomed to die,

We of the Commonwealth implore,
We charge, aye, we command,
Watch you his rest forevermore,
So long his fame shall stand!

EMILY THACHER BENNETT

CITIZENSHIP

CITIZEN I—by birth or grant of court.
Yet am I citizen? What this estate
Which gives me right to share in my own rule,
And all my country's progress help dictate?

Is it to gain for me and mine *alone*
Some stronger hold on chattels that breed power;
To constitute my property a throne
That mothers safety in an evil hour?

Or is it to enlarge my power to *give*
Such as I have of sense and strength, that they
Who likewise give, may find in me a mate—
All of us working for a better day
When justice to each woman, man and child
Shall challenge poverty and make for peace;
When Right, where'er assailed, shall hither turn,
Sure of a righteous nation's swift release?

If Lincoln lived, and read this questioning line,
What would *his* answer be? Let *that* be mine!

LEIGH MITCHELL HODGES

AMERICA TO EUROPE

THE air is vibrant as if some cosmic jar
Had shaken every land where motley millions dwell,
As if this orb had crossed the path of angry star
And loosed the noise, the stench, the agonies of hell.
No mountain summit, nay, no hollow cavern hides
The heart of man whose fever-tortured throbs
Clutch not at straws of hope on passion tides
Where universal hatred stabs and robs.

Once more with blood the storied rivers thicken,
Once more rude cannons shame the lowly plough,
And once again must smaller crowns be stricken
To clear the way for one who here and now
Decrees to test imperious will and power.
Where Cæsar fought, where rushed Napoleon's legions,
Where Bismarck's stubborn plans hurled conqu'ring train,
Where art was shrined to bless all distant regions,
There strides some lord on pyramids of slain
To flaunt triumphant crest for blood-stained hour.

O, may a voice from overseas be raised
To plead one thought of slaughter's worth,
One peaceful thought ere all the world is crazed
With lust of blood, of power, or heaped-up gold?

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

AMERICA TO EUROPE—[*Continued*]

Here valiant Washington once led
A struggling host to give a nation birth;
But, O, before the flame of strife was cold,
Before the vanquished armies fled,
His love of home had thrilled the hearts of earth
And, linked with peace, his name was loved and praised.

Anon Columbia's breasts a viper nursed,
Till father's heavy sword smote cherished son;
Wild furies parched the fields and cursed
The land, where dismal battles lost or won.
Ah, yes, 'tis true, a brilliant courage dashed
When ranks, swift grappling, fell for Grant or Lee,
And high did valour rise when ironclads crashed
To crimson-blotch the all-engulfing sea.
O glorious dawn that bade the war to cease!
O patient years that healed the gaping scars!
Above the spears lift up, O waiting stars,
The victor's fervent prayer: "Let us have peace!"

If soldier's plea to soldier be in vain,
Or memory of wars, let one implore
Whose humble heart knew every mortal pain—
A manly man, who mighty burdens bore,
Who held aloft a nation's flick'ring light.
O Europe, raise a Lincoln for thy need!
Behold, O kings, a modern prophet's call!

AMERICA TO EUROPE—[*Continued*]

A tender hand where wounds of foemen bleed—

“No malice here,” but “charity for all.”

Divinely human! O men, arise and heed!

“Achieve, as God gives us to see the right.”

EDMOND S. MEANY

LINCOLN AND DARWIN

BORN on the selfsame day, wide seas apart,
The Nazarean statesman of the West,
Divinely sorrowful, divinely blest,
The travail of two races in his heart;
And he who stalked shy truth with perfect art,
Unfearing as the martyrs in his quest,
A modern prophet of the great unguest,
A voyager reshaping the world's chart.

Both freemen in themselves and making free,
Nor less the one a doer of great deeds
That he pursued the quiet paths of thought;
Nor less the statesman and the warrior wrought
To disillusion men of olden creeds:
Emancipators both all time to be.

ROBERT WHITAKER

LINCOLN

LINCOLN! "Thou shouldst be living at this hour!"
Thy reach of vision—prophet thou and seer—
Thy strong and steadfast wisdom, judgment clear,
Are needed in this stress, thy old-time power
The ship of state to save from storms that lower
And threaten to engulf. Dark reefs loom near!
No "watchful waiting" will avail us here,
That wind-swept, tossing ship past rocks that tower
To guide to sunlit waters—calm, serene.
Oh! for a leader, fearless, strong, and wise,
Of swift decision, and with insight keen
To see the dangers; scorn all compromise;
Restore the honour lost, the faith we prize,
And bring us back the glory that hath been!

KENYON WEST

A FARMER REMEMBERS LINCOLN

LINCOLN?—

Well, I was in the old Second Maine,
The first regiment in Washington from the Pine Tree
State.

Of course, I didn't get the butt of the clip;
We was there for guardin' Washington—
We was all green.

"I ain't never ben to but one theatre in my life—
I didn't know how to behave.

I ain't never ben since.

I can see as plain as my hat the box where he sat in
When he was shot.

I can tell you, sir, there was quite a panic
When we found our President was in the shape he was in!
Never saw a soldier in the world but what liked him.

"Yes, sir. His looks was kind o' hard to forget.
He was a spare man,
An old farmer.

Everything was all right, you know,
But he wasn't a smooth-appearin' man at all—
Not in no ways;
Thin-faced, long-necked,
And a swellin' kind of a thick lip like.

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

A FARMER REMEMBERS LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

“And he was a jolly old fellow—always cheerful;
He wa’n’t so high but the boys could talk to him their
own ways.

While I was servin’ at the Hospital
He’d come in and say, ‘You look nice in here,’
Praise us up, you know.

And he’d bend over and talk to the boys—
And he’d talk so good to ’em—so close—
That’s why I call him a farmer.

I don’t mean that everything about him wa’n’t all right,
you understand,

It’s just—well, I was a farmer—

And he was my neighbour, anybody’s neighbour.

“I guess even you young folks would ’a’ liked him.”

WITTER BYNNER

THE LINCOLN HIGHWAY

THREE thousand miles from sea to sea,
A great highway is built to span
The continent where man is free,
And no man bends the knee to man.

Broad and straight and smooth and fine,
It binds the East unto the West,
And both may pass in God's sunshine,
And each may learn it is not *best*,

But all is good in this fair land,
Tho' West is West and East is East,
And mother nature's lavish hand
Has set no Barmecidal feast.

No royal coach shall pass this way,
Nor lord of war in triumph ride;
No juggernaut of "kultur" prey
And cast its human wrecks aside.

But they who use this way shall see,
In plain and mountain, lake and glen,
A country fit for liberty—
For men who love their fellow men.

THE LINCOLN HIGHWAY—[*Continued*]

And as they pass may truly sing
“Land of the Free,” since Lincoln taught,
And to his shrine a tribute bring,
And thank their God a Lincoln wrought.

WOODBURY PULSIFER

LINCOLN

OH, not in kaisers or in kings
The hope of man we seek!
Their glitt'ring sceptres, crowns and rings
Are baubles for the weak;
But we whose feet are firmly set
On freedom's broad highway,
We seek man's hope far deeper yet
Than kingly pomp or sway—
We seek it in the people's sweat
And in their blood, to-day!

We seek man's hope—nor seek in vain—
Where dreamers work and wait,
Where boys in poverty and pain
Are growing to be great;
Where boys like Lincoln, poor and plain,
But strong of hand and heart,
Grow upward, through the sun and rain,
To play the hero's part—
To cleanse the country from the stain
Of manhood in the mart!

Oh, let the kaisers and the kings
At rule and sceptre play!

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

LINCOLN—[*Continued*]

Man's hope is not in crowns and rings,
And baubles such as they.

But wheresoever hearts aspire
To break a Christless ban,
The name of Lincoln shall inspire
To higher hope and plan,

And stir the generous soul's desire
To live and die for man!

DENIS A. MCCARTHY

LINCOLN'S HAT

THE relic of a past decade,
It hangs upon the rack,
An ancient beaver, narrow-brimmed,
Bell-crowned and rusty-black.
Though out of fashion fifty falls,
I pray you do not smile,
But pass it with a grave salute,
For this was Lincoln's tile.

He left it in a hot campaign,
Long years and years ago,
Ere Dixie's broad savannahs heard
The wild war-bugles blow.
He hung it up, and rode away
One morning from the town,
To wear a fadeless laurel-wreath
Beneath a martyr's crown.

The head it decked was never filled
With one ignoble thought,
The busy shuttle of his brain
For truth and freedom wrought.

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

LINCOLN'S HAT—[*Continued*]

So always when you cast a vote
Be very certain that
The candidate you choose is fit
To wear it—Lincoln's hat.

MINNA IRVING

LINCOLN'S WAY

LARGE and loving, rudely tender, with a heart that
knew no fear,
Stern as granite for a principle, yet melting at a tear—
Father Abraham, they called him, this sublime yet simple
man,
In whose veins the ardent humanhood of Old Kentucky
ran.

Dear to him the cause of Freedom, for the black as for
the white;
Dear to him the common soldier who was with him in
his fight;
But if one perchance should falter, with his life he must
atone:
He was past all human pardon, save the President's
alone.

Now a father, poor and aged, bowed alike with years
and wo,
Crushed by all the pain and sorrow that a parent's heart
can know,
Brought, despairing, his petition; he would plead in
Lincoln's ear;
And he prayed to heaven for mercy, that through God's
love, man might hear.

LINCOLN'S WAY—[*Continued*]

“My two sons, my only children, to the Union's cause I
gave,
One lies buried in Virginia in an unknown soldier's
grave.
And the other, last and dearest—for what error I know
not—
Is condemned as a deserter, and is sentenced to be shot.”

“My old friend,” said Lincoln, kindly, “there has inquiry
been made,
And the execution, meanwhile, I have caused to be de-
layed
Until further orders from me. This one fact at least,
I know:
Your young man can serve us better here above ground
than below.”

“God be thanked!” the old man, trembling, cried, “and
blessings on your name!
But—but—what if they should execute him when your
orders came?”
“Never fear! before I order that,” said Lincoln, grim
and sage—
“Well, your son will beat Methuselah, or die of sheer
old age!”

HENRY TYRRELL



ABRAHAM LINCOLN WITH HIS SON THOMAS ("TAD")



LINCOLN'S PEW

WITHIN the historic church both eye and soul
Perceived it. 'Twas the pew where Lincoln sat—
The only Lincoln God hath given to men—
Olden among the modern seats of prayer,
Dark like the 'sixties, place and past akin.
All else has changed, but this remains the same,
A sanctuary in a sanctuary.

Where Lincoln prayed! What passion had his soul—
Mixt faith and anguish melting into prayer
Upon the burning altar of God's fane,
A nation's altar even as his own.

Where Lincoln prayed! Such worshippers as he
Make thin ranks down the ages. Wouldst thou know
His spirit suppliant? Then must thou feel
War's fiery baptism, taste hate's bitter cup,
Spend similar sweat of blood vicarious,
And sound the cry, "If it be possible!"
From stricken heart in new Gethsemane.

Who saw him there are gone, as he is gone;
The pew remains, with what God gave him there,
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THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

LINCOLN'S PEW—[*Continued*]

And all the world through him. So let it be—
One of the people's shrines.

LYMAN WHITNEY ALLEN

The above poem is inscribed on a tablet on the pew which Lincoln occupied in the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, at Washington, D. C.

THE LINCOLN HIGHWAY

TO save the land, then rent in twain,
And end the fratricidal strife,
Th' immortal Lincoln by his death
But crown'd his sacrificial life.

To join the land, from shore to shore,
Each part to other bound,
And make us each to other kin,
This Highway will be found.
C. G. DICKSON

HEROES OF YESTERDAY

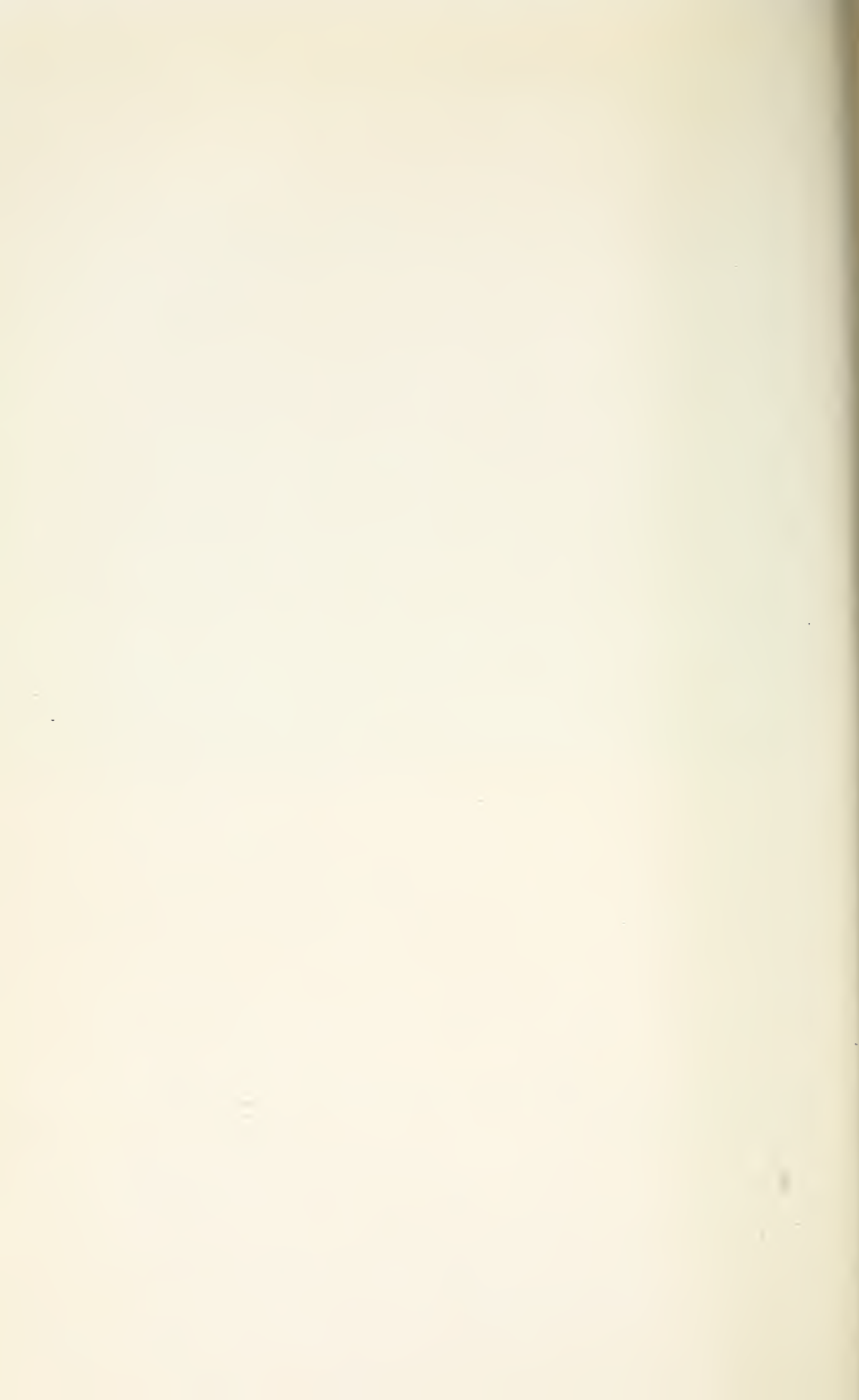
GRANT is asleep in his great white tomb, where the
Hudson tides are deep;
And Sheridan and Sherman lie on marble beds asleep;
And all the men that led our men on the bloody fields
we won—
They sleep 'neath the marble meet for them that heroes'
work have done;
But what of the men the heroes led—of Smith and Rob-
inson?

It was good to die on the firing-line if you died to set
men free;
It was good to die when the cannon screamed in the days
of Sixty-three;
And we of a younger, softer race—we look with a brief
regret
At the modest mounds where the unknown dead are
modest and silent yet:
Smith and Robinson lie so still—and we forget—forget!

And other Smiths and Robinsons—you count them on
your hand—
To-day go hobbling up the street, behind the village band,
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LINCOLN AND HIS GENERALS WITH THE ARMY OF THE
POTOMAC AT ANTIETAM
From a war-time photograph



THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

HEROES OF YESTERDAY—[*Continued*]

To where encamped their comrade-dead in sunken
bivouac lie;

The Robinsons and Smiths, you know, who hadn't the
luck to die.

Oh, can't you see, and won't you see, and won't you hold
it true,

That these old men had ties as dear to them as yours to
you?

And won't you quit your secret sneer and open, empty
praise—

The inward smile at the selfsame while you wreath the
formal bays—

To pay the simple debt you owe these men of other days?

The things they loved they left, and died—or those who
still endure

A moment longer stumble on, decrepit, smiled at, poor!

Is this the lot that you decree

To them who risked, to set men free,

All that was theirs to do or be?

Sheridan, Sherman, Grant—is this the end of all they
won?

Is this their country's payment to Smith and Robinson?

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABRAHAM

WE are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred
thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream and from New Eng-
land's shore;
We leave our ploughs and workshops, our wives and
children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance and but a silent tear,
We dare not look behind us, but steadily before.
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand
more.

We are coming, coming, coming; we are coming,
coming, coming;

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred
thousand more.

If you look across the hill-tops that meet our Northern
sky,
Long moving lines of rising dust your vision may descry;
And now the wind an instant tears the cloudy veil aside,
And floats aloft our spangled flag in glory and in pride,
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam and bands brave
music pour—
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand
more.

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABRAHAM—[*Continued*]

We are coming, coming, coming; we are coming,
coming, coming;

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred
thousand more.

If you look all down our valleys, where the growing
harvests shine,

You may see our sturdy farmer boys fast falling into
line,

And children at their mothers' knees are pulling at the
weeds,

And learning how to reap and sow against their country's
needs,

And a farewell group stands weeping at every cottage
door—

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand
more.

We are coming, coming, coming; we are coming,
coming, coming;

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred
thousand more.

You have called us and we're coming by Richmond's
bloody tide,

To lay us down for freedom's sake our brothers' bones
beside,

Or from foul treason's savage grasp to wrench the mur-
derous blade,

And in the face of foreign foes its fragments to parade;

THE BOOK OF LINCOLN

WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABRAHAM—[*Continued*]

Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have gone
before—

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more.

We are coming, coming, coming; we are coming,
coming, coming;

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred
thousand more.

JAMES SLOANE GIBBONS

LINCOLN LEADS

A CROSS the page of history,
As in a looking-glass,
Or on a moving-picture screen,
The nation's heroes pass;
With sword and mace and pen they pace
In epaulets and braid,
And some, with ruffles at their wrists,
In linen fine arrayed.

But at the long procession's head,
In loose, ill-fitting clothes,
A lanky woodsman with an axe
Upon his shoulder goes;
In every patriotic heart
The figure lean and tall
Is shrined beside the starry flag,
For Lincoln leads them all.

MINNA IRVING

XII. WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN

“And the eternal sentinels shine on.”

PILLARS OF HERCULES

Washington and Lincoln

TWO massive rocks, tradition-flung,
Gibraltar and the Afric hill,
Outlast their mythic builder's tongue
And guard the Eastern gateway still,
Whence freedom sprang when states were young.

Two giant men, of crises born,
The country's sire and sole compeer,
Loom mighty in the New-World morn:
The one impregnable, austere;
The other vibrant, like a horn.

Behold them as they tower high,
The landmarks of our civic pride;
They buttress, nerve and fortify
The yearning millions at her side,
Strong bulwarks toward the Western sky.
WALTER F. LONGACRE

WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN

TWO stars alone of primal magnitude,
Twin beacons in our firmament of fame,
Shine for all men with benison the same:
On day's loud labour by the night renewed,
On templed silences where none intrude,
On leaders followed by the street's acclaim,
The solitary student by his flame,
The watcher in the battle's interlude.
All ways and works of men they shine upon;
And now and then beneath their golden light
A sudden meteor reddens and is gone;
And now and then a star grows strangely bright,
Drawing all eyes, then dwindles on the night;
And the eternal sentinels shine on.

WENDELL PHILLIPS STAFFORD

AFTERWORD

“Would I might rouse the Lincoln in you all!”



NUMBER 516 TENTH STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The house to which Lincoln was carried from Ford's Theatre, April 14, 1865, where he died the following morning at 7:22 o'clock.

AFTERWORD

LINCOLN

*WOULD I might rouse the Lincoln in you all,
That which is gendered in the wilderness
From lonely prairies and God's tenderness.
Imperial soul, star of a weedy stream,
Born where the ghosts of buffaloes still dream,
Whose spirit hoof-beats storm above his grave,
Above that breast of earth and prairie-fire—
Fire that freed the slave.*

NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY



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